POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

SPAIN &c.

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HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries.
CRABBE.

SPAIN

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By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

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INTRODUCTORY.

TO SPAIN.

O GENEROUS nation! to whose noble boast,
Illustrious Spain, the providence of Heaven
A radiant sky of vivid power hath given,
A land of flowers, of fruits, profuse; an host
Of ardent spirits; when deprest the most,
By great, enthusiastic impulse driven
To deeds of highest daring! May no leaven
(If wisdom, justice, fail thee, thou art lost),
No treachery, no cruelty, disgrace,
No desperate rashness hopelessly deface,
Thy dawn of freedom, — if a dawn it be.
O, think of thy Cervantes! think that now
No palm invites thee of false chivalry,
But one his high-souled breast would hail with ardent vow.

Capel Lofft.

TO SPAIN.

MANY a tear, O country, hath been shed,
Many a stream of brother's blood been poured,

Many a hero brave hath found his bed,
In thy deep sepulchres, how richly stored!

Long have our eyes with burning drops been filled, —
How often have they throbbed to overflow!
But always bent upon some crimsoned field,
They could not even weep for blood and woe.

Look! how beseech us to their own sweet rest
Yon smiling flowers, yon forests old and brave,
Yon growing harvests, sleeping on earth's breast,
Yon banners green that o'er our valleys wave.

Come, brothers, we were born in love and peace,
In love and peace our battles let us end;
Nay, more, let us forget our victories, —
Be ours one land, one banner to defend!

José Zorrilla. Tr. Samuel Eliot.

THE WAKE OF THE KING OF SPAIN.

THE kings of Spain for nine days after death are placed sitting in robes of state with their attendants around them, and solemnly summoned by the proper officers to their meals and their amusements, as if living.

ARRAYED in robes of regal state,
But stiff and cold the monarch sate;
In gorgeous vests, his chair beside,
Stood prince and peer, the nation's pride;
And paladin and high-born dame
Their place amid the circle claim;
And wands of office lifted high,

And arms and blazoned heraldry, —
All mute like marble statues stand,
Nor raise the eye, nor move the hand;
No voice, no sound to stir the air,
The silence of the grave is there.

The portal opens, — hark, a voice!
"Come forth, O king! O king, rejoice!
The bowl is filled, the feast is spread,
Come forth, O king!" The king is dead.
The bowl, the feast, he tastes no more,
The feast of life for him is o'er.

Again the sounding portals shake,
And speaks again the voice that spake:
"The sun is high, the sun is warm;
Forth to the field the gallants swarm,
The foaming bit the courser champs,
His hoof the turf impatient stamps;
Light on their steeds the hunters spring,
The sun is high, — come forth, O king!"

Along these melancholy walls
In vain the voice of pleasure calls:
The horse may neigh, and bay the hound, —
He hears no more; his sleep is sound.
Retire; — once more the portals close;
Leave, leave him to his dread repose.

Anna Letitia Barbauld.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DAY'S JOURNEY IN SPAIN.

NOT less delighted do I call to mind,
Land of romance! thy wild and lovely scenes,
Than I beheld them first. Pleased I retrace
With Memory's eye the placid Minho's course,
And catch its winding waters gleaming bright
Amid the broken distance. I review
Leon's wide wastes, and heights precipitous,
Seen with a pleasure not unmixed with dread,
As the sagacious mules along the brink
Wound patiently and slow their way secure;
And rude Galicia's hovels, and huge rocks
And mountains, where, when all beside was dim,
Dark and broad-headed the tall pines erect
Rose on the farthest eminence distinct,
Cresting the evening sky.
Rain now falls thick,
And damp and heavy is the unwholesome air;
I by this friendly hearth remember Spain,
And tread in fancy once again the road,
Where twelve months since I held my way, and thought
Of England, and of all my heart held dear,
And wished this day were come.
The morning mist,
Well I remember, hovered o'er the heath,
When with the earliest dawn of day we left
The solitary Venta. Soon the sun
Rose in his glory; scattered by the breeze,

The thin fog rolled away, and now emerged
We saw where Oropesa's castled hill
Towered dark, and dimly seen; and now we passed
Torvalva's quiet huts, and on our way
Paused frequently, looked back, and gazed around,
Then journeyed on, yet turned and gazed again,
So lovely was the scene. That ducal pile
Of the Toledos now with all its towers
Shone in the sunlight. Half-way up the hill,
Embowered in olives, like the abode of Peace,
Lay Lagartina; and the cool, fresh gale,
Bending the young corn on the gradual slope,
Played o'er its varying verdure. I beheld
A convent near, and could almost have thought
The dwellers there must needs be holy men;
For, as they looked around them, all they saw
Was good.

But, when the purple eve came on,
How did the lovely landscape fill my heart!
Trees, scattered among peering rocks, adorned
The near ascent; the vale was overspread
With ilex in its wintry foliage gay,
Old cork-trees through their soft and swelling bark
Bursting, and glaucous olives, underneath
Whose fertilizing influence the green herb
Grows greener, and, with heavier ears enriched,
The healthful harvest bends. Pellucid streams
Through many a vocal channel from the hills
Wound through the valley their melodious way,
And, o'er the intermediate woods descried,
Naval-Moral's church-tower announced to us

Our resting-place that night, — a welcome mark;
Though willingly we loitered to behold
In long expanse Plasencia's fertile plain,
And the high mountain-range which bounded it,
Now losing fast the roseate hue that eve
Shed o'er its summit and its snowy breast;
For eve was closing now. Faint and more faint
The murmurs of the goatherd's scattered flock
Were borne upon the air; and, sailing slow,
The broad-winged stork sought on the church-tower top
His consecrated nest. O lovely scenes!
I gazed upon you with intense delight,
And yet with thoughts that weigh the spirit down.
I was a stranger in a foreign land;
And, knowing that these eyes should nevermore
Behold that glorious prospect, Earth itself
Appeared the place of pilgrimage it is.

Robert Southey.

SPAIN.

O LOVELY Spain! renowned, romantic land!
Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,
When Cava's traitor-sire first called the band
That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore?
Where are those bloody banners which of yore
Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,
And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?
Red gleamed the cross, and waned the crescent pale,
While Afric's echoes thrilled with Moorish matrons' wail.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?
Ah! such, alas, the hero's amplest fate!
When granite moulders and when records fail,
A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.
Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate,
See how the mighty shrink into a song!
Can volume, pillar, pile, preserve thee great?
Or must thou trust Tradition's simple tongue,
When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does thee wrong?

Lord Byron.

SPAIN.

FAIR land! of chivalry the old domain,
Land of the vine and olive, lovely Spain!
Though not for thee with classic shores to vie
In charms that fix the enthusiast's pensive eye,
Yet hast thou scenes of beauty, richly fraught
With all that wakes the glow of lofty thought;
Fountains and vales and rocks whose ancient name
High deeds have raised to mingle with their fame.
Those scenes are peaceful now; the citron blows,
Wild spreads the myrtle, where the brave repose.
No sound of battle swells on Douro's shore,
And banners wave on Ebro's banks no more.
But who, unmoved, unawed, shall coldly tread
Thy fields that sepulchre the mighty dead?
Blest be that soil! where England's heroes share
The grave of chiefs, for ages slumbering there;
Whose names are glorious in romantic lays,

The wild, sweet chronicles of elder days
By goatherd lone and rude serrano sung
Thy cypress dells and vine-clad rocks among.
How oft those rocks have echoed to the tale
Of knights who fell in Roncesvalles' vale:
Of him, renowned in old heroic lore,
First of the brave, the gallant Campeador;
Of those, the famed in song, who proudly died
When Rio Verde rolled a crimson tide;
Or that high name by Garcilaso's might
On the Green Vega won in single fight.

Felicia Hemans.

THE HEART OF KING ROBERT BRUCE.

KING ROBERT bore with gasping breath
The strife of mortal pain,
And, gathering round the couch of death,
His nobles mourned in vain.
Bathed were his brows in chilling dew
As thus he faintly cried,
"Red Comyn in his sins I slew
At the high altar's side.

"For this a vow my soul hath bound
In armed lists to ride,
A warrior to that Holy Ground
Where my Redeemer died:
Lord James of Douglas, see! we part!
I die before my time,

I charge thee bear this pulseless heart
A pilgrim to that clime."

He ceased, for lo! in close pursuit,
With fierce and fatal strife,
He came, who treads with icy foot
Upon the lamp of life.
The brave Earl Douglas, trained to meet
Dangers and perils wild,
Now kneeling at his sovereign's feet
Wept as a weaned child.

Beneath Dunfirmline's hallowed nave,
Enwrapt in cloth of gold,
The Bruce's relics found a grave
Deep in their native mould;
But locked within its silver vase,
Next to Lord James's breast,
His heart went journeying on apace,
In Palestine to rest.

While many a noble Scottish knight,
With sable shield and plume,
Rode as its guard in armor bright
To kiss their Saviour's tomb.
As on the scenery of Spain
They bent a traveller's eye,
Forth came in bold and glorious train,
Her flower of chivalry.

Led by Alphonso 'gainst the Moor,
They came in proud array,

And set their serried phalanx sure
To bide the battle-fray.
"God save ye now, ye gallant band
Of Scottish warriors true,
Good service for the Holy Land
Ye on this field may do."

So with the cavalry of Spain
In brother's grasp they closed,
And the grim Saracen in vain
Their blended might opposed;
But Douglas, with his falcon-glance
O'erlooking crest and spear,
Saw brave St. Clair with broken lance,
That friend from childhood dear.

He saw him by a thousand foes
Opprest and overborne,
And high the blast of rescue rose
From his good bugle-horn;
And reckless of the Moorish spears
In bristling ranks around,
His monarch's heart oft steeped in tears
He from his neck unbound,

And flung it toward the battle front,
And cried with panting breath,
"Pass first, my liege, as thou wert wont, —
I follow thee to death."
Stern Osmyn's sword was dire that day,
And keen the Moorish dart,

And there Earl Douglas bleeding lay
Beside the Bruce's heart.

Embalmed with Scotland's flowing tears,
That peerless champion fell,
And still the lyre to future years
His glorious deeds shall tell.
The "good Lord James" that honored name
Each Scottish babe shall call,
And all who love the Bruce's fame
Shall mourn the Douglas' fall.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

THE PHANTOM HORSEMEN.

THAT day from Cordova came word,
Confused, of what had there occurred,
Which no one understood aright, —
Each told a version of his own;
And, when at last the truth was known,
All talked about that wondrous flight;
Some saw the Moor, and some the knight,
And some had seen two men in fight;
And, though to tell were nothing loath,
Knew not if one was killed or both.
Some said they fought not, but were lost
As a deep mountain stream they crossed;
Others affirmed that in despair
The Moslem leaped his horse in air,
Where a deep chasm broke the path,
To 'scape his fierce pursuer's wrath;

And that the knight, in headlong course,
Unable to restrain his horse,
While pressing close upon his foe,
Fell also in the gulf below.
Some, howe'er, there be who say
They were seen at break of day
Near Penillo, in their flight, —
Two shadowy forms that mocked the sight.
For, they say, the Evil One
Helped the Moor his fate to shun;
And Our Lady, when he prayed,
To the knight gave equal aid:
Thus, no more mere flesh and blood,
Man and horse as spirits rode;
And the Moslem still doth fly
From the vengeful Christian nigh.

'T is said he pressed him hard and sore
As the plain they traversed o'er,
Till, at last, he had to seek
Refuge on the mountain peak.
From Alhama's rocky height —
Lofty as an aerie's site,
On a giddy precipice,
Overlooking an abyss,
In whose dreadful depths you scan
The foaming torrent of Marchan —
They were noticed in their flight,
Speeding for the southern side,
Where the Velez pours its tide.
From Malaga the two were seen,

The Christian still pursuing keen;
And, as they passed the castle gate
Where Julian's daughter met her fate,
The guard upon the lofty wall
Heard the Moor derisive call,
In loud, insulting tone, the name
Of that unhappy maid whose shame
Is coupled with the woes of Spain.

By Monardo now he flies,
Where the Red Sierras rise;
Again the mocking Moslem jeers,
And the maddened Christian hears
A shout, like demon-laugh from far, —
"El Feri de Ben Estepar!"
By Ronda next, as legends say,
The spirit horsemen took their way;
Dashing amid its broken rocks
Like the wild goat that danger mocks.
'T is said they leaped the Guadalvin,
And that their hoof-prints long were seen
On the chasm's dreadful brink,
Where the dark gulf doth deepest sink,
And the hidden stream doth flow
A hundred fathoms far below.
Leaving Zahara on the right,
The Moor to Arcos takes his flight;
And, still ahead, doth swiftly ride
Along the Guadalete's side
To the Campiña of Xerez, —
That field where Spain found shame and death.

The air was filled with battle's sound,
Two armies fought upon the ground;
A swarthy chief, with glowing eye,
His flashing scimitar waved high;
And his fierce, turbaned followers led
Against a Christian host which fled;
And soon the whole of that vast plain
Was strewed and covered with their slain.
The Moor triumphant waved his hand,
Again the Christian drew his brand,
And one more frenzied effort made
To reach him with the avenging blade.
The Moor sped on, and followed hard,
From all rest and ease debarred,
Distant hills and plains he sought;
And wherever fight was fought
Which on Spain hath evil brought —
Since then, or in the days before,
From Cadiz to Cantabrian shore —
He would point, and mock his foe
With the visioned scene of woe.

And still they hold their ceaseless flight
Amid the haunted hills of Spain, —
Invisible to mortal sight,
And free from mortal wants and pain.
Ne'er pausing, on their course they sweep
Over despoblados wild;
Through barrancos dark and deep,
Where broken rocks like walls are piled;
Over dehesas lone and wide,

And where the rugged ramblas stray,
And up the steep Sierra's side,
They still pursue their reckless way.
Swift as the cloud's dark shadow flies
Across the sunlit plain below;
So, though unseen by mortal eyes,
The spirit horsemen come and go.
But the muleteer hath heard
Their hoofs amid the silent hills,
When sultry noon hath left unstirred
The drooping leaves and dried the rills.
And when the goat on giddy height
Stands gazing forth with fixéd eye,
Although invisible to sight,
The goatherd knows that they are nigh;
And when beside the gurgling stream
His noontide rest the traveller takes,
Perchance the raven's dismal scream
His light but grateful slumber breaks,
He looks around, but all is still
Amid the lonely, lifeless waste, —
Only a stone rolls down the hill
No mortal hand nor foot displaced.
And when the wintry tempests howl,
And danger fills the midnight air,
And loudly shrieks the boding owl,
And the lone hermit kneels in prayer,
More fiercely on their wild career,
Pursuer and pursued sweep past;
And sometimes you can plainly hear
Their voices on the stormy blast.

M. Sabiston.

COUNT ARNALDOS.

WHO had ever such adventure,
Holy priest, or virgin nun,
As befell the Count Arnaldos
At the rising of the sun?

On his wrist the hawk was hooded,
Forth with horn and hound went he,
When he saw a stately galley
Sailing on the silent sea.

Sail of satin, mast of cedar,
Burnished poop of beaten gold, —
Many a morn you 'll hood your falcon
Ere you such a bark behold.

Sails of satin, masts of cedar,
Golden poops may come again,
But mortal ear no more shall listen
To yon gray-haired sailor's strain.

Heart may beat, and eye may glisten,
Faith is strong, and Hope is free,
But mortal ear no more shall listen
To the song that rules the sea.

When the gray-haired sailor chanted,
Every wind was hushed to sleep, —
Like a virgin's bosom panted
All the wide reposing deep.

Bright in beauty rose the starfish
From her green cave down below,
Right above the eagle poised him,—
Holy music charmed them so.

"Stately galley! glorious galley!
God hath poured his grace on thee!
Thou alone mayst scorn the perils
Of the dread devouring sea!

"False Almeria's reefs and shallows,
Black Gibraltar's giant rocks,
Sound and sand-bank, gulf and whirlpool,
All, my glorious galley mocks!"

"For the sake of God, our Maker!"
(Count Arnaldos' cry was strong,)
"Old man, let me be partaker
In the secret of thy song!"

"Count Arnaldos! Count Arnaldos!
Hearts I read, and thoughts I know,—
Wouldst thou learn the ocean secret,
In our galley thou must go."

Spanish Ballad. Tr. J. G. Lockhart.

THE SONG OF THE GALLEY.

YE mariners of Spain,
Bend strongly on your oars,
And bring my love again,
For he lies among the Moors.

Ye galleys fairly built,
Like castles on the sea,
O, great will be your guilt
If ye bring him not to me."

The wind is blowing strong,
The breeze will aid your oars;
O, swiftly fly along,
For he lies among the Moors.

The sweet breeze of the sea
Cools every cheek but mine;
Hot is its breath to me,
As I gaze upon the brine.

Lift up, lift up your sail,
And bend upon your oars;
O, lose not the fair gale,
For he lies among the Moors.

It is a narrow strait,
I see the blue hills over;
Your coming I 'll await,
And thank you for my lover.

To Mary I will pray,
While ye bend upon your oars;
'T will be a blessed day,
If ye fetch him from the Moors.

Spanish Ballad. Tr. J. G. Lockhart.

THE WANDERING KNIGHT'S SONG.

MY ornaments are arms,
My pastime is in war,
My bed is cold upon the wold,
My lamp yon star.

My journeyings are long,
My slumbers short and broken;
From hill to hill I wander still,
Kissing thy token.

I ride from land to land,
I sail from sea to sea;
Some day more kind I fate may find,
Some night kiss thee.

Spanish Ballad. Tr. J. G. Lockhart.

THE BULL-FIGHT.

THE lists are oped, the spacious area cleared,
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
No vacant space for lated wight is found:
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,
Skilled in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound;
None through their cold disdain are doomed to die,
As moonstruck bards complain, by Love's sad archery.

Hushed is the din of tongues, — on gallant steeds,
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance,
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
And lowly bending to the lists advance;
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance:
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
The crowd's loud shout, and ladies' lovely glance,
Best prize of better acts, they bear away,
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak arrayed,
But all afoot, the light-limbed Matadore
Stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds; but not before
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed:
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can man achieve without the friendly steed, —
Alas! too oft condemned for him to bear and bleed.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls.
The den expands, and Expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fixed: away,
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear;

Now is thy time to perish, or display
The skill that yet may check his mad career.
With well-timed croupe the nimble coursers veer;
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes;
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear:
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes:
Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud bellowings speak
his woes.

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance avail,
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse;
Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
One gallant steed is stretched a mangled corse;
Another, hideous sight! unseamed appears,
His gory chest unveils life's panting source;
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears;
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharmed he
bears.

Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray:
And now the Matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand:
Once more through all he bursts his thundering
way, —
Vain rage! the mantle quits the conynge hand,
Wraps his fierce eye, — 't is past, — he sinks upon the
sand!

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.
He stops, — he starts, — disdaining to decline:
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
Without a groan, without a struggle dies.
The decorated car appears: on high
The corse is piled, — sweet sight for vulgar eyes;
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bull along, scarce seen in dashing by.

Lord Byron.

THE BULL-FIGHT.

BRAVO! thou nation of a noble line!
Thou mean'st to fashion after beasts thy men.
How well thy mission thou dost now divine,
Escaping from the Latin Church's shrine
To intrench thyself around the fighters' pen!

New Plazas for the bull-fight let there be;
Build them, O Country! pour thy treasures free!
Ah! stranger lands are wiser far than we, —
For here we are but cowherds, we are fools:
Which do we value most, the laws or bulls?

Who cares for liberty, while he doth roar,
The hunted bull, along the spacious plain,
Or tear the arena, and his victim gore?
When swells his passion with the pricking pain,
Who sees the vision of our mournful Spain?

And when he draws his breath with hoarsest sigh,
And from his piercéd heart come out the groans,

And men fall down to earth, and horses die,
How sweet to hear the rosy children nigh
Break out in merry laughter's silvery tones!

* * *

But hark! I see before my vision rise,
Brave to uphold the war of beasts and men,
Some spirited hidalgo, listening wise.
"I glory in the spectacle," he cries;
"The thing is Spanish, — it has always been!"

O patriotic ardor! Let them bind
A starry crown upon the learned brow
Of every noble knight, who thinks to find
Our highest strength within the bull enshrined,
Our Spanish glory in the Picador's bow!

With all the fairest ladies of repute
The love of country so refined has grown
They look with rapture even on this brute;
For tenderness is here a foreign shoot,
And cruelty is Spanish-born alone!

Carolina Coronado. Tr. Anon.

SPAIN.

'TIS the warm South, where Europe spreads her lands
Like fretted leaflets, breathing on the deep:
Broad-breasted Spain, leaning with equal love
(A calm earth-goddess crowned with corn and vines)
On the mid sea that moans with memories,

And on the untravelled ocean, whose vast tides
Pant dumbly passionate with dreams of youth.
This river, shadowed by the battlements
And gleaming silvery towards the northern sky,
Feeds the famed stream that waters Andalus,
And loiters, amorous of the fragrant air,
By Córdova and Seville to the bay
Fronting Algarva and the wandering flood
Of Guadiana. This deep mountain-gorge
Slopes widening on the olive-pluméd plains
Of fair Granada: one far-stretching arm
Points to Elvira, one to eastward heights
Of Alpujarras, where the new-bathed day
With oriflamme uplifted o'er the peaks
Saddens the breasts of northward-looking snows
That loved the night, and soared with soaring stars;
Flashing the signals of his nearing swiftness
From Almería's purple-shadowed bay
On to the far-off rocks that gaze and glow, —
On to Alhambra, strong and ruddy heart
Of glorious Morisma, gasping now,
A maiméd giant in his agony.
This town that dips its feet within the stream,
And seems to sit a tower-crowned Cybele,
Spreading her ample robe adown the rocks,
Is rich Bedmar; 't was Moorish long ago,
But now the Cross is sparkling on the Mosque,
And bells make Catholic the trembling air.

George Eliot.

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

HOW much of my young heart, O Spain,
Went out to thee in days of yore!
What dreams romantic filled my brain,
And summoned back to life again
The Paladins of Charlemain,
The Cid Campeador!

And shapes more shadowy than these,
In the dim twilight half revealed;
Phœnician galleys on the seas,
The Roman camps like hives of bees,
The Goth uplifting from his knees
Pelayo on his shield.

It was these memories perchance,
From annals of remotest eld,
That lent the colors of romance
To every trivial circumstance
And changed the form and countenance
Of all that I beheld.

Old towns, whose history lies hid
In monkish chronicle or rhyme, —
Burgos, the birthplace of the Cid,
Zamora and Valladolid,
Toledo, built and walled amid
The wars of Wamba's time;

The long, straight line of the highway,
The distant town that seems so near,
The peasants in the fields, that stay
Their toil to cross themselves and pray,
When from the belfry at midday
The Angelus they hear;

White crosses in the mountain pass,
Mules gay with tassels, the loud din
Of muleteers, the tethered ass
That crops the dusty wayside grass,
And cavaliers with spurs of brass
Alighting at the inn;

White hamlets hidden in fields of wheat,
White cities slumbering by the sea,
White sunshine flooding square and street,
Dark mountain-ranges, at whose feet
The river-beds are dry with heat,—
All was a dream to me.

Yet something sombre and severe
O'er the enchanted landscape reigned;
A terror in the atmosphere
As if King Philip listened near,
Or Torquemada, the austere,
His ghostly sway maintained.

The softer Andalusian skies
Dispelled the sadness and the gloom;
There Cadiz by the seaside lies,
And Seville's orange-orchards rise,

Making the land a paradise
Of beauty and of bloom.

There Cordova is hidden among
The palm, the olive, and the vine;
Gem of the South, by poets sung,
And in whose Mosque Almanzor hung
As lamps the bells that once had rung
At Compostella's shrine.

But over all the rest supreme,
The star of stars, the cynosure,
The artist's and the poet's theme,
The young man's vision, the old man's dream,—
Granada by its winding stream,
The city of the Moor!

And there the Alhambra still recalls
Aladdin's palace of delight:
Allah il Allah! through its halls
Whispers the fountain as it falls,
The Darro darts beneath its walls,
The hills with snow are white.

Ah yes, the hills are white with snow,
And cold with blasts that bite and freeze;
But in the happy vale below
The orange and pomegranate grow,
And wafts of air toss to and fro
The blossoming almond-trees.

The Vega cleft by the Xenil,
  The fascination and allure
Of the sweet landscape chains the will;
The traveller lingers on the hill,
His parted lips are breathing still
  The last sigh of the Moor.

How like a ruin overgrown
  With flowers that hide the rents of time,
Stands now the Past that I have known;
Castles in Spain, not built of stone
But of white summer cloud, and blown
  Into this little mist of rhyme!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

SPAIN.

Albuera.

ALBUERA.

O ALBUERA, glorious field of grief!
As o'er thy plain the pilgrim pricked his steed,
Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,
A scene where mingling foes should boast and bleed!
Peace to the perished! may the warrior's mead
And tears of triumph their reward prolong!
Till others fall where other chieftains lead,
Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng,
And shine in worthless lays, the theme of transient song.

Lord Byron.

FOR A MONUMENT AT ALBUERA.

SEVEN thousand men lay bleeding on these heights,
When Beresford in strenuous conflict strove
Against a foe whom all the accidents
Of battle favored, and who knew full well
To seize all offers that occasion gave.
Wounded or dead, seven thousand here were stretched,

And on the plain around a myriad more,
Spaniard and Briton and true Portuguese,
Alike approved that day; and in the cause
Of France, with her flagitious sons compelled,
Pole and Italian, German, Hollander,
Men of all climes and countries, hither brought,
Doing and suffering for the work of war.
This point by her superior cavalry
France from the Spaniard won, the elements
Aiding her powerful efforts; here awhile
She seemed to rule the conflict; and from hence
The British and the Lusitanian arm
Dislodged with irresistible assault
The enemy, even when he deemed the day
Was written for his own. But not for Soult,
But not for France, was that day in the rolls
Of war to be inscribed by Victory's hand,
Not for the inhuman chief, and cause unjust;
She wrote for after-times, in blood, the names
Of Spain and England, Blake and Beresford.

Robert Southey.

EPITAPH.

STEEP is the soldier's path; nor are the heights
Of glory to be won without long toil
And arduous efforts of enduring hope,
Save when Death takes the aspirant by the hand,
And, cutting short the work of years, at once
Lifts him to that conspicuous eminence.
Such fate was mine. The standard of the Buffs

I bore at Albuera, on that day
When, covered by a shower, and fatally
For friends misdeemed, the Polish lancers fell
Upon our rear. Surrounding me, they claimed
My precious charge. "Not but with life!" I cried,
And life was given for immortality.
The flag which to my heart I held, when wet
With that heart's blood, was soon victoriously
Regained on that great day. In former times
Marlborough beheld it borne at Ramilies;
For Brunswick and for liberty it waved
Triumphant at Culloden; and hath seen
The lilies on the Caribbean shores
Abashed before it. Then, too, in the front
Of battle did it flap exultingly,
When Douro, with its wide stream interposed,
Saved not the French invaders from attack,
Discomfiture, and ignominious rout.
My name is Thomas: undisgraced have I
Transmitted it. He who in days to come
May bear the honored banner to the field,
Will think of Albuera, and of me.

Robert Southey.

ALBUERA.

ON THE ADVANCED GUARD OF FOUR THOUSAND SPANIARDS NEARLY DESTROYED AT THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA, MAY 16, 1811.

XERXES, when the Three Hundred he beheld
Who drove his myriads, broke his tented pride,
And with Leonidas at Pylæ died,

With venerating awe his heart was quelled.
Philip, thy stern breast 'gainst itself rebelled
At Chæronea, as thy victor stride
Passed by the Theban band; who, side by side,
Like brothers fell, nor one his comrades knelled.
Does not the dread Napoleon think of these,
These "sons of glory, these sure heirs of fame,"
At Albuera who have left a name,
True Spaniards, which oblivion ne'er shall seize?
Glory to them eternity decrees:
Does not his inmost heart revere their hallowed flame?

Capel Lofft.

Alcocer, the Castle.

THE CID.

THEY fain would sally forth, but he the noble Cid
Accounted it as rashness, and constantly forbid.
The fourth week was beginning, the third already past,
The Cid and his companions they are now agreed at last.
"The water is cut off, the bread is wellnigh spent,
To allow us to depart by night the Moors will not consent.
To combat with them in the field our numbers are but few,
Gentlemen, tell me your minds, what do you think to do?"
Minaya Alvar Fañez answered him again,

"We are come here from fair Castile to live like banished men.
There are here six hundred of us, beside some nine or ten;
It is by fighting with the Moors that we have earned our bread,
In the name of God that made us, let nothing more be said,
Let us sally forth upon them by the dawn of day."
The Cid replied, "Minaya, I approve of what you say,
You have spoken for the best, and had done so without doubt."
The Moors that were within the town they took and turned them out,
That none should know their secret; they labored all that night,
They were ready for the combat with the morning light.
The Cid was in his armor mounted at their head,
He spoke aloud amongst them, you shall hear the words he said:
"We must all sally forth! There cannot a man be spared,
Two footmen only at the gates to close them and keep guard;
If we are slain in battle they will bury us here in peace,
If we survive and conquer, our riches will increase.
And you, Pero Bermuez, the standard you must bear,
Advance it like a valiant man, evenly and fair;
But do not venture forward before I give command."
Bermuez took the standard, he went and kissed his hand.

The gates were then thrown open, and forth at once they rushed,
The outposts of the Moorish host back to the camp were pushed;
The camp was all in tumult, and there was such a thunder
Of cymbals and of drums, as if earth would cleave in sunder.
There you might see the Moors arming themselves in haste,
And the two main battles how they were forming fast:
Horsemen and footmen mixed, a countless troop and vast.
The Moors are moving forward, the battle soon must join,
"My men, stand here in order, ranged upon a line!
Let not a man move from his rank before I give the sign."
Pero Bermuez heard the word, but he could not refrain.
He held the banner in his hand, he gave his horse the rein;
"You see yon foremost squadron there, the thickest of the foes,
Noble Cid, God be your aid, for there your banner goes!
Let him that serves and honors it show the duty that he owes."
Earnestly the Cid called out, "For Heaven's sake, be still!"
Bermuez cried, "I cannot hold," so eager was his will.
He spurred his horse, and drove him on amid the Moorish rout;
They strove to win the banner, and compassed him about.

Had not his armor been so true he had lost either life
or limb;
The Cid called out again, "For Heaven's sake succor
him!"

Their shields before their breasts, forth at once they go,
Their lances in the rest levelled fair and low;
Their banners and their crests waving in a row,
Their heads all stooping down toward the saddle-bow.
The Cid was in the midst, his shout was heard afar,
"I am Rui Diaz, the Champion of Bivar;
Strike amongst them, gentlemen, for sweet mercies'
sake!"
There where Bermuez fought, amidst the foe they brake,
Three hundred bannered knights, it was a gallant show:
Three hundred Moors they killed, a man with every
blow;
When they wheeled and turned, as many more lay slain,
You might see them raise their lances and level them
again.
There you might see the breastplates, how they were
cleft in twain,
And many a Moorish shield lie shattered on the plain.
The pennons that were white marked with a crimson
stain,
The horses running wild whose riders had been slain.
The Christians call upon St. James, the Moors upon
Mahound,
There were thirteen hundred of them slain on a little
spot of ground.

* * *

The Cid rode to King Fariz, and struck at him three
blows;
The third was far the best, it forced the blood to flow:
The stream ran from his side, and stained his arms
below;
The King caught round the rein and turned his back to go,
The Cid has won the battle with that single blow.

Poem of the Cid. Tr. John Hookham Frere.

Alhama.

ROMANCE.

"MOORISH warden, Moorish warden,
Grisly-bearded captain; thou, —
The king has ordered thee to prison,
Thou hast lost Alhama now."
"If thou hast the kingly order,
Unresisting will I go, —
'T was not I who lost Alhama,
'T was not I who lost it, — no!

"I was far away, in Ronda,
At my cousin's wedding feast,
And I left it safely guarded,
Guarded by the noblest, best.
If the king have lost the city,
I have lost far more, far more, —
I have lost my wife and children,
All I loved, — and now deplore."

From the Spanish. Tr. John Bowring.

Andalusia (*Andalucia*).

PRAISE OF ANDALUSIA.

FAIR dames, if passion hold not reason's place,
No anger blind your judgment, no disdain,
Say, can an Andalusian plead in vain,
An Andalusian sue and win no grace?
Who, when the terrace-walk at eve you pace,
Adores with humbler vow or truer pain?
Whose arm more deftly throws the tilting-cane?
Who strikes the wild bull down with braver chase?
Or in the ball, on whom do loveliest eyes
Glance radiance through the thronged and bright saloon,
If not on Andalusian gallants there?
To them true judges still award the prize,
Where gayly for the ring they ride or run,
Or in the lists of valor boldly dare.

Luis de Góngora. Tr. Edward Churton.

Arroyo Molinos.

FOR THE AFFAIR AT ARROYO MOLINOS.

HE who may chronicle Spain's arduous strife
Against the Intruder, hath to speak of fields
Profuselier fed with blood, and victories
Borne wider on the wings of glad report;

Yet shall this town, which from the mill-stream takes
Its humble name, be storied as the spot
Where the vain Frenchman, insolent too long
Of power and of success, first saw the strength
Of England in prompt enterprise essayed,
And felt his fortunes ebb, from that day forth
Swept back upon the refluent tide of war.
Girard lay here, who late from Caceres,
Far as his active cavalry could scour,
Had pillaged and oppressed the country round:
The Spaniard and the Portuguese he scorned,
And deemed the British soldiers all too slow
To seize occasion, unalert in war,
And therefore brave in vain. In such belief,
Secure at night he laid him down to sleep,
Nor dreamt that these disparaged enemies
With drum and trumpet should in martial charge
Sound his reveille. All day their march severe
They held through wind and drenching rain; all night
The autumnal tempest unabating raged,
While in their comfortless and open camp
They cheered themselves with patient hope: the storm
Was their ally; and moving in the mist,
When morning opened, on the astonished foe
They burst. Soon routed horse and foot, the French,
On all sides scattering, fled, on every side
Beset, and everywhere pursued, with loss
Of half their numbers captured, their whole stores,
And all their gathered plunder. 'T was a day
Of surest omen, such as filled with joy
True English hearts. No happier peals have e'er

Been rolled abroad from town and village tower
Than gladdened then with their exultant sound
Salopian vales; and flowing cups were brimmed
All round the Wrekin to Sir Rowland's name.

Robert Southey.

Avila.

SANTA TERESA.

GOOD measure of the seed that fell
Not on rude thorns or arid stone,
But the kind earth requited well
With plenteous fruit, five score for one,

Was found in this good Saint, whose worth,
Appraised by lawful standard now,
From Avila that gave her birth
Prompts far and near the bedesman's vow.

For not alone of grain so pure
She gave full measure, just and true,
She brought, the treasure to secure,
The girding cord and sackcloth too.

A saintly patriarch, two in one
She played her part, in both entire,
Now Angelo, half friar, half nun,
Teresa now, half nun, half friar.

In dreams she soared to Carmel's height,
And saw perchance the bush that bloomed,
Wrapt in a shroud of fiery light
With buds of glory unconsumed.

Thence to the world returning down,
She walked unsandalled evermore;
But in strong tables, firm as stone,
Her reverend Code Reformed she bore.

Or, like the Tishbite's follower blest,
She tracked the car of heavenly love
That bore him to his endless rest,
And caught his mantle from above:

Thence love-inspired, to earth's dark ways
She turned, her convent-homes to rear,
In number like the nights and days
In Spain's star-spangled hemisphere.

Her convent-homes for souls distressed
She reared, celestial sojournings,
Whereto poor mourners flew for rest,
Like bees at eve with weary wings.

With such wise zeal her spirit glowed,
With language meet for gray-haired men,
The counsels from her lips that flowed
Had graced a mitred prelate's pen.

Twin lights of Avila's fair town
They live, Tostado, learned sire,

Whose lamp of truth shall ne'er burn down,
And now Teresa's signal-fire.

In Avila, right nobly born,
She grew, and Nature gave beside
Such beauty as might well adorn
The state of Juno's bird of pride.

The rose, the lily in her cheek
So graced her crystal form so fair,
That Flattery's glossing could not speak
Of charms that Nature gave not there.

But in the springtide of her youth,
Proof to the fond, beguiling sin,
The fragile crystal kept the truth,
The firmness of the rock within.

Unheeded round that virgin form
The twines of flaunting Flattery played;
They withered, as at touch of worm
The wanton Spring's waste tendrils fade.

So unbeguiled and fancy-free
She like the bowering cedar grew,
And pilgrims to that sheltering tree
From heat or storm to covert flew.

Her penitential followers pale,
In ashy cowls, might match the crowd,
That to the prophet's boding wail
At Nineveh in ashes bowed.

Such citizens from Europe wide
Did this good anchorite enroll,
Till mortal urn no more might hide
The flame of her ethereal soul.

O host of penitents so fair,
That drink of Carmel's living springs,
Whose forms the gown of camlet wear
With glory like an angel's wings;

Religion, spread as soon as born,
All flowering, while its plant was young;
All fruitful on its virgin thorn;
Forgive my too presumptuous song;

Forgive me, if among your swans,
Like the vain daw, I dare to come,
To greet the Saint's bright sun that dawns
O'er her clear stream and mountain-home;

Forgive me, when her wondrous worth
More than loud trumpet's voice might need,
If I her praise sound weakly forth
On my poor dull-toned shepherd's reed.

Good mother, who her twofold flock
Did in one blended rule combine,
As the good dresser from one stock
Rears the twin boughs of one fair vine.

Laborers at every hour she drew
To till her vineyard, man and maid,

To tasks the vain world never knew,
Taught in the convent's cloistered shade:

To hair-cloth, foe to soft delight,
That with frail flesh so fiercely wars,
Its bristling edge, like file, might bite
E'en through the convent-grating bars;

Or rather, like to horsehair sieves
Sifting the corn-heaps fair and even,
It purges out all husks, and gives
The grain in measure pure for heaven.

Wise virgin! she with livelong toil
The watcher's lamp so firm to bear,
Has left her store of sacred oil
To sparkle from her sepulchre;

And it shall burn more bright with years,
Unwasted, till the Bridegroom come,
And the good seed she sowed in tears,
Return in sheaves of gladness home.

Luis de Góngora. Tr. Edward Churton.

SANTA TERESA'S BOOK-MARK.

LET nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth;
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things;

Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting;
Alone God sufficeth.

Teresa de Jesus. Tr. H. W. Longfellow.

Badajoz.

CAROLINA CORONADO.

THE walls of Badajoz looked down
Upon a gifted maid, who rose
Within that old, beleaguered town,
And startled Spain from her repose.

Her eyes were beaming with the fire
Of poet youth beneath her dark
And shining locks. She struck her lyre;
And, lo! the land of Spain did hark.

She calmed her deep, impassioned breast
With love to all the solitudes,
And hid beside the wild-bird's nest
Her verses in the rocks and woods.

She hung enraptured on the sweet
Young meadow rose, and lingered near
The turtle-dove, who did repeat
"Love, love," forever in her ear.

Unto the stars she told her tale,
Weeping her tears melodiously

At evening with the nightingale,
Or with the palm communing high.

Her genius moved not straight within
The prunéd walks of classic time,
But ran abroad, and revelled in
New laws that rose from out her rhyme.

She poured a tide of passion through
The sordid flats of Life's dull sea;
And, last, she dared to speak unto
Her nation that word, — Liberty!

Yes, she — the fearless girl — did make
The slavish priesthood tremble at
The burning words of truth she spake,
And poets at her footstool sat.

At length the laurel wreath they set
Upon her in the royal dome;
But most she loves the coronet
Of wife and mother in her home!

Martha Perry Lowe.

Baeza.

ROMANCE.

MOORISH soldiers, Moorish soldiers,
Ye on whom my bounty showers,
Go and raze the proud Baeza,
Spite of all Baeza's towers;

Give them up to cruel slaughter;
Fill the plain with mourning weeds;
Mothers, sires, and youths, and virgins,
Tie them to your furious steeds;
But old Pedro Dias' daughter,
For she is my mistress, spare,
And with Leonor her sister,
And their train, bring safely here.
You, my captain, — you, Vanegas,
Bring her with all honor due;
'T is to you that I commit her,
For you are both brave and true,
And I charge you, treat her nobly, —
Let her not complain of you.

From the Spanish. Tr. John Bowring.

Barcelona.

BARCELONA.

'T WAS evening as they reached the mountain's brow
That showed them Barcelona in the vale,
And long they paused to see that lovely show;
The sun low levelled on the city pale,
Montjuif's bright brow, its lily standard hung,
Like rising flame, on heaven; the port's thick sail,
The clouds upon the sea of sapphire flung,
The white tents scattered o'er the fields, like snow
That winter leaves upon the green of spring,

The squadron's distant charge, that seemed the flow
Of trickling streams, the verdure crimsoning.
The mighty sun sank down. The citadel
Sent from its battlements the evening peal.
Slow in its smoke the Bourbon banner fell:
From England's twilight camp the answering gun
Sent up its solemn roar, and ere 't was done
A flourish of bold music, drum and horn,
Followed its white, fierce incense up the air;
But from the city other sounds were borne,
Cathedral chants, and bells that rang for prayer.

George Croly.

BARCELONA.

PROUD Barcelona, on the sunny shore
That lines with silver Spain's resplendent sea,
What can for sport or splendor vie with thee?
But now, thy day of war and terror o'er,
Like sudden madness burst thy grateful glee.
Thy morning streets were filled with pageantry;
At eve thy Rambla rang with dance and song;
Night, midnight, found the still unwearied throng
Wandering by seashore or illumined shade,
Busy with masque and feast and serenade.

George Croly.

Barrosa.

AT BARROSA.

THOUGH the four quarters of the world have seen
The British valor proved triumphantly
Upon the French, in many a field far-famed,
Yet may the noble Island in her rolls
Of glory write Barrosa's name. For there,
Not by the issue of deliberate plans
Consulted well, was the fierce contest won,
Nor by the leader's eye intuitive,
Nor force of either arm of war, nor art
Of skilled artillerist, nor the discipline
Of troops to absolute obedience trained;
But by the spring and impulse of the heart,
Brought fairly to the trial, when all else
Seemed, like a wrestler's garment, thrown aside;
By individual courage and the sense
Of honor, their old country's, and their own,
There to be forfeited, or there upheld; —
This warmed the soldier's soul, and gave his hand
The strength that carries with it victory.
More to enhance their praise, the day was fought
Against all circumstance: a painful march,
Through twenty hours of night and day prolonged,
Forespent the British troops; and hope delayed
Had left their spirits palled. But when the word
Was given to turn, and charge, and win the heights,

The welcome order came to them like rain
Upon a traveller in the thirsty sands.
Rejoicing, up the ascent, and in the front
Of danger, they with steady step advanced,
And with the insupportable bayonet
Drove down the foe. The vanquished Victor saw,
And thought of Talavera, and deplored
His eagle lost. But England saw, well pleased,
Her old ascendency that day sustained;
And Scotland, shouting over all her hills,
Among her worthies ranked another Graham.

Robert Southey.

Baza.

THE GYPSY CAMP.

QUIT now the town, and with a journeying dream
Swift as the wings of sound, yet seeming slow
Through multudinous compression of stored sense
And spiritual space, see walls and towers
Lie in the silent whiteness of a trance,
Giving no sign of that warm life within
That moves and murmurs through their hidden heart.
Pass o'er the mountain, wind in sombre shade,
Then wind into the light and see the town
Shrunk to white crust upon the darken rock.
Turn east and south, descend, then rise again
Mid smaller mountains ebbing towards the plain;
Scent the fresh breath of the height-loving herbs

That, trodden by the pretty parted hoofs
Of nimble goats, sigh at the innocent bruise,
And with a mingled difference exquisite
Pour a sweet burden on the buoyant air.
Pause now and be all ear. Far from the south,
Seeking the listening silence of the heights,
Comes a slow-dying sound, — the Moslems' call
To prayer in afternoon. Bright in the sun
Like tall white sails on a green shadowy sea
Stand Moorish watch-towers; 'neath that eastern sky
Couches unseen the strength of Moorish Baza;
Where the meridian bends lies Guadix, hold
Of brave El Zagal. This is Moorish land,
Where Allah lives unconquered in dark breasts,
And blesses still the many-nourishing earth
With dark-armed industry. See from the steep
The scattered olives hurry in gray throngs
Down towards the valley, where the little stream
Parts a green hollow 'twixt the gentler slopes;
And in that hollow, dwellings: not white homes
Of building Moors, but little swarthy tents
Such as of old perhaps on Asian plains,
Or wending westward past the Caucasus,
Our fathers raised to rest in. Close they swarm
About two taller tents, and viewed afar
Might seem a dark-robed crowd in penitence
That silent kneel; but come now in their midst
And watch a busy, bright-eyed, sportive life!
Tall maidens bend to feed the tethered goat,
The ragged kirtle fringing at the knee
Above the living curves, the shoulder's smoothness

Parting the torrent strong of ebon hair.
Women with babes, the wild and neutral glance
Swayed now to sweet desire of mothers' eyes,
Rock their strong cradling arms and chant low strains
Taught by monotonous and soothing winds
That fall at night-time on the dozing ear.
The crones plait reeds, or shred the vivid herbs
Into the caldron: tiny urchins crawl
Or sit and gurgle forth their infant joy.
Lads lying sphinx-like with uplifted breast
Propped on their elbows, their black manes tossed back,
Fling up the coin and watch its fatal fall,
Dispute and scramble, run and wrestle fierce,
Then fall to play and fellowship again;
Or in a thieving swarm they run to plague
The grandsires, who return with rabbits slung,
And with the mules fruit-laden from the fields.
Some striplings choose the smooth stones from the brook
To serve the slingers, cut the twigs for snares,
Or trim the hazel-wands, or at the bark
Of some exploring dog they dart away
With swift precision towards a moving speck.
These are the brood of Zarca's Gypsy tribe;
Most like an earth-born race bred by the Sun
On some rich tropic soil, the father's light
Flashing in coal-black eyes, the mother's blood
With bounteous elements feeding their young limbs.
The stalwart men and youths are at the wars
Following their chief, all save a trusty band
Who keep strict watch along the northern heights.

George Eliot.

Bedmar.

THE PLAZA SANTIAGO.

'TIS daylight still, but now the golden cross
Uplifted by the angel on the dome
Stands rayless in calm color clear-defined
Against the northern blue; from turrets high
The flitting splendor sinks with folded wing
Dark-hid till morning, and the battlements
Wear soft relenting whiteness mellowed o'er
By summers generous and winters bland.
Now in the east the distance casts its veil,
And gazes with a deepening earnestness.
The old rain-fretted mountains in their robes
Of shadow-broken gray; the rounded hills
Reddened with blood of Titans, whose huge limbs
Entombed within, feed full the hardy flesh
Of cactus green and blue, broad-sworded aloes;
The cypress soaring black above the lines
Of white court-walls; the jointed sugar-canes
Pale-golden with their feathers motionless
In the warm quiet; — all thought-teaching form
Utters itself in firm, unshimmering hues.
For the great rock has screened the westering sun
That still on plains beyond streams vaporous gold
Among the branches; and within Bedmar
Has come the time of sweet serenity
When color glows unglittering, and the soul

Of visible things shows silent happiness,
As that of lovers trusting though apart.
The ripe-cheeked fruits, the crimson-petalled flowers;
The wingéd life that pausing seems a gem
Cunningly carven on the dark green leaf;
The face of man with hues supremely blent
To difference fine as of a voice mid sounds; —
Each lovely light-dipped thing seems to emerge
Flushed gravely from baptismal sacrament.
All beauteous existence rests, yet wakes,
Lies still, yet conscious, with clear open eyes
And gentle breath and mild suffuséd joy.
'T is day, but day that falls like melody
Repeated on a string with graver tones, —
Tones such as linger in a long farewell.

* * *

Sudden, with gliding motion like a flame
That through dim vapor makes a path of glory,
A figure lithe, all white and saffron-robed,
Flashed right across the circle, and now stood
With ripened arms uplift and regal head,
Like some tall flower whose dark and intense heart
Lies half within a tulip-tinted cup.

Juan stood fixed and pale; Pepíta stepped
Backward within the ring: the voices fell
From shouts insistent to more passive tones
Half meaning welcome, half astonishment.
"Lady Fedalma! — will she dance for us?"
But she, sole swayed by impulse passionate,
Feeling all life was music and all eyes

The warming, quickening light that music makes,
Moved as, in dance religious, Miriam,
When on the Red Sea shore she raised her voice,
And led the chorus of her people's joy;
Or as the Trojan maids that reverent sang
Watching the sorrow-crownéd Hecuba:
Moved in slow curves voluminous, gradual,
Feeling and action flowing into one,
In Eden's natural taintless marriage-bond;
Ardently modest, sensuously pure,
With young delight that wonders at itself
And throbs as innocent as opening flowers,
Knowing not comment, — soilless, beautiful.
The spirit in her gravely glowing face
With sweet community informs her limbs,
Filling their fine gradation with the breath
Of virgin majesty; as full vowelled words
Are new impregnate with the master's thought.
Even the chance-strayed delicate tendrils black,
That backward 'scape from out her wreathing hair, —
Even the pliant folds that cling transverse
When with obliquely soaring bend altern
She seems a goddess quitting earth again —
Gather expression, — a soft undertone
And resonance exquisite from the grand chord
Of her harmoniously bodied soul.

* * *

But sudden, at one point, the exultant throng
Is pushed and hustled, and then thrust apart:
Something approaches, — something cuts the ring
Of jubilant idlers, — startling as a streak

From alien wounds across the blooming flesh
Of careless sporting childhood. 'T is the band
Of Gypsy prisoners. Soldiers lead the van
And make sparse flanking guard, aloof surveyed
By gallant Lopez, stringent in command.
The Gypsies chained in couples, all save one,
Walk in dark file with grand bare legs and arms
And savage melancholy in their eyes
That star-like gleam from out black clouds of hair;
Now they are full in sight, now stretch
Right to the centre of the open space.
Fedalma now, with gentle wheeling sweep
Returning, like the loveliest of the Hours
Strayed from her sisters, truant lingering,
Faces again the centre, swings again
The uplifted tambourine. . . . .
When lo! with sound
Stupendous throbbing, solemn as a voice
Sent by the invisible choir of all the dead,
Tolls the great passing-bell that calls to prayer
For souls departed: at the mighty beat
It seems the light sinks awestruck, — 't is the note
Of the sun's burial; speech and action pause;
Religious silence and the holy sign
Of everlasting memories (the sign
Of death that turned to more diffusive life)
Pass o'er the Plaça. Little children gaze
With lips apart, and feel the unknown god;
And the most men and women pray. Not all.
The soldiers pray; the Gypsies stand unmoved
As pagan statues with proud level gaze.

But he who wears a solitary chain
Heading the file, has turned to face Fedalma.
She motionless, with arm uplifted, guards
The tambourine aloft (lest, sudden-lowered,
Its trivial jingle mar the duteous pause),
Reveres the general prayer, but prays not, stands
With level glance meeting that Gypsy's eyes,
That seem to her the sadness of the world
Rebuking her, the great bell's hidden thought
Now first unveiled, — the sorrows unredeemed
Of races outcast, scorned, and wandering.
Why does he look at her? why she at him?
As if the meeting light between their eyes
Made permanent union? His deep-knit brow,
Inflated nostril, scornful lip compressed,
Seem a dark hieroglyph of coming fate
Written before her.

George Eliot.

Bidasoa, the River.

THE BRIDGE OF THE BIDASOA.

ON the bridge where Bidasoa
Rolls his waters to the main,
There stands a sainted image
Looking forth on France and Spain.

Gently doth Heaven's blessing
Descend on that sweet shore,

Once crossed by many a soldier
  Who saw his home no more.

On the bridge of Bidasoa
  By night strange music plays,
There swarthy shades are mingled
  With golden, lustrous rays;
One side is bright with roses,
  The other dark with sand,
As each the chance discloses
  Of death or Fatherland!

The waves of Bidasoa
  Glide on with gentle swell,
And, rising o'er their music,
  Is heard the shepherd's bell.
Far other sounds once echoed
  Along that river fair,
When a broken host at twilight
  Furled their torn banners there.
Wounded, sore, and bleeding —
  Of hope, of pride bereft —
On the bridge they leaned their rifles,
  And counted who were left.

Long watched they for the missing,
  With tearful, earnest eyes,
Until an ancient warrior
  To his drooping soldiers cries:
"Roll up the tattered banner,
  Once the ensign of the brave, —

No more shall conquest fan her
By the Bidasoa's wave.

"We must seek a home of freedom
In some country far away,
Where our ancient star of glory
Shall shine with cloudless ray.
O thou, in freedom's battle,
Who many a toil hast borne,
Spirit of sainted Minna!
Show the path of our return.

"We have one dauntless leader
Left to Spain and freedom yet—
On, then! o'er the river
Her star of glory hath not set!
From the old, time-worn marble,
Where he long had lain so still,
Minna rises sternly glancing
On the lighted western hill!"

Then, from his breast removing
His hand, he opens wide
His wounds, and soon his life-blood
Purples the gushing tide.

Johann Ludwig Uhland. Tr. Percy Boyd.

Biscay (*Vizcaya*).

BISCAY.

I.

IN due observance of an ancient rite,
The rude Biscayans when their children lie
Dead in the sinless time of infancy,
Attire the peaceful corse in vestments white;
And, in like sign of cloudless triumph bright,
They bind the unoffending creature's brows
With happy garlands of the pure white rose:
This done, a festal company unite
In choral song; and, while the uplifted cross
Of Jesus goes before, the child is borne
Uncovered to his grave. Her piteous loss
The lonesome mother cannot choose but mourn;
Yet soon by Christian faith is grief subdued,
And joy attends upon her fortitude.

II.

YET, yet, Biscayans, we must meet our foes
With firmer soul, yet labor to regain
Our ancient freedom; else 't were worse than vain
To gather round the bier these festal shows!
A garland fashioned of the pure white rose
Becomes not one whose father is a slave:
O, bear the infant covered to his grave!
These venerable mountains now enclose
A people sunk in apathy and fear.

If this endure, farewell for us all good!
The awful light of heavenly innocence
Will fail to illuminate the infant's bier;
And guilt and shame from which is no defence
Descend on all that issues from our blood.

William Wordsworth.

Burgos.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BURGOS.

MOST like some aged king it seemed to me,
Who had survived his old regality,
Poor and deposed, but keeping still his state,
In all he had before of truly great;
With no vain wishes and no vain regret,
But his enforcéd leisure soothing yet
With meditation calm, and books, and prayer,
For all was sober and majestic there, —
The old Castilian, with close finger-tips
Pressing his folded mantle to his lips;
The dim cathedral's cross-surmounted pile,
With carved recess, and cool and shadowy aisle;
The walks of poplar by the river's side,
That wound by many a straggling channel wide;
And seats of stone, where one might sit and weave
Visions, till wellnigh tempted to believe
That life had few things better to be done,
And many worse, than sitting in the sun,
To lose the hours, and wilfully to dim

Our half-shut eyes, and veil them till might swim
The pageant by us, smoothly as the stream
And unremembered pageant of a dream.

A castle crowned a neighboring hillock's crest,
But now the moat was level with the rest;
And all was fallen of this place of power,
All heaped with formless stone, save one round tower,
And here and there a gateway low and old,
Figured with antique shape of warrior bold.
And then behind this eminence the sun
Would drop serenely, long ere day was done;
And one who climbed that height might see again
A second setting o'er the fertile plain
Beyond the town, and, glittering in his beam,
Wind far away that poplar-skirted stream.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

THE LONGEST DEATH-WATCH.

"Towards the latter end of December she [Joanna] determined to leave Burgos, and remove her husband's remains to their final resting-place in Granada. She insisted on seeing them herself, before her departure. The remonstrances of her counsellors, and the holy men of the monastery of Miraflores, proved equally fruitless. Opposition only roused her passions into frenzy, and they were obliged to comply with her mad humors. The corpse was removed from the vault; the two coffins of lead and wood were opened, and such as chose gazed on the mouldering relics, which, notwithstanding their having been embalmed, exhibited scarcely a trace of humanity. The queen was not satisfied till she touched them with her own hand, which she did without shedding a tear or testifying the least emotion." — Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella.*

THE woman is a picture now.
The Spanish suns have touched her face;
The coil of gold upon her brow

Shines back on an imperial race
With most forlorn and bitter grace.

Old palace-lamps behind her burn,
The ermine moulders on her train.
Her ever-constant eyes still yearn
For one who came not back to Spain;
And dim and hollow is her brain.

One only thing she knew in life,
Four hundred ghostly years ago, —
That she was Flemish Philip's wife.
Nor much beyond she cared to know;
Without a voice she tells me so.

Philip the Beautiful, — whose eyes
Might win a woman's heart, I fear,
Even from his grave! "He will arise,"
The monks had murmured by his bier,
"And reign once more among us here."

She heard their whisper, and forgot
Castile and Aragon, and all
Save Philip, who had loved her not;
The cruel darkness of his pall
Seemed on an empty world to fall.

She took the dead man, — to her sight
A prince in death's disguise, as fair
As when his wayward smile could light
The throne he wedded her to share, —
And followed, hardly knowing where.

Almost as dumb as he, she fled,
Pallid and wasted, toward the place
Where he, the priestly promise said,
Must wait the hour when God's sweet grace
Should breathe into his breathless face.

Once, when the night was weird with rain,
She sought a convent's shelter. When
The tapers showed a veiléd train
Of nuns, instead of cowléd men,
She stole into the night again:

"These women, sainted though they be,"
She moaned through all her jealous mind,
"Are women still, and shall not see
Philip the Fair, — though he is blind!
Favor with him I yet shall find."

Then, with her piteous yearning wild:
"Unclose his coffin quick, I pray."
Fiercely the sudden lightning smiled, —
When they had laid the lid away, —
Like scorn, upon the regal clay.

She kissed the dead of many days,
As though he were an hour asleep.
Dark men with swords to guard her ways
Wept for her, — but she did not weep;
She had her vigil still to keep.

They reached the appointed cloister. While
The heart of Philip withering lay,

She, without moan or tear or smile,
Watched from her window, legends say, —
Watched seven-and-forty years away!

Winds blew the blossoms to and fro,
Into the world and out again:
"He will come back to me, I know," —
Poor whisper of a wandering brain
To peerless patience, peerless pain.

Ah, longest, loneliest, saddest tryst
Was ever kept on earth! And yet
Had he arisen would he have kissed
The gray wan woman he had met,
Or — taught her how the dead forget?

Could she have won, discrowned and old,
The love she could not win, in sooth,
When queenly purple, fold on fold,
And all the subtle grace of youth,
Helped her to hide a hapless truth?

Did she not fancy, — should she see
That coffin, watched so long, unclose, —
The royal tenant there would be
Still young, still fair, when he arose,
Beside her withered leaves and snows?

He would have laughed to breathe the tale
Of this crazed stranger's love, I fear,
To moon and rose and nightingale,
With courtly jewels glimmering near,
Into some lovely lady's ear.

Sarah M. B. Piatt.

THE CID'S WEDDING.

WITHIN his hall of Burgos the king prepares the feast;
He makes his preparation for many a noble guest.
It is a joyful city, it is a gallant day,
'T is the Campeador's wedding, and who will bide away?

Layn Calvo, the Lord Bishop, he first comes forth the gate;
Behind him comes Ruy Diaz, in all his bridal state;
The crowd makes way before them as up the street they go;—
For the multitude of people their steps must needs be slow.

The King had taken order that they should rear an arch,
From house to house all over, in the way where they must march;
They have hung it all with lances, and shields, and glittering helms,
Brought by the Campeador from out the Moorish realms.

They have scattered olive branches and rushes on the street,
And the ladies fling down garlands at the Campeador's feet;
With tapestry and broidery their balconies between,
To do his bridal honor, their walls the burghers screen.

They lead the bulls before them all covered o'er with trappings;
The little boys pursue them with hootings and with clappings;
The fool, with cap and bladder, upon his ass goes prancing,
Amidst troops of captive maidens with bells and cymbals dancing.

With antics and with fooleries, with shouting and with laughter,
They fill the streets of Burgos, — and the Devil he comes after;
For the King has hired the horned fiend for sixteen maravedis,
And there he goes, with hoofs for toes, to terrify the ladies.

Then comes the bride Ximena, — the King he holds her hand;
And the Queen, and, all in fur and pall, the nobles of the land.
All down the street the ears of wheat are round Ximena flying,
But the King lifts off her bosom sweet whatever there is lying.

Quoth Suero, when he saw it, (his thought you understand,)
"'T is a fine thing to be a king; but Heaven make me a hand!"

The King was very merry, when he was told of this,
And swore the bride, ere eventide, must give the boy
a kiss.

The King went always talking, but she held down her
head,
And seldom gave an answer to anything he said;
It was better to be silent, among such a crowd of folk,
Than utter words so meaningless as she did when she spoke.

Spanish Ballad. Tr. J. G. Lockhart.

Cadiz.

THE WINNING OF CALES.

THIS is one of many exulting effusions which were called forth by the taking of Cadiz (vulgarly called Cales). The town was captured on the 21st of June, 1596, the Earl of Effingham being high-admiral of the fleet, and Essex general of the land forces.

LONG had the proud Spaniards
Advancèd to conquer us,
Threatening our country
With fire and sword;
Often preparing
Their navy most sumptuous,
With all the provision
That Spain could afford.
Dub a-dub, dub,
Thus strike the drums,
Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra,
The Englishman comes.

To the seas presently
Went our lord admiral,
With knights courageous,
And captains full good;
The earl of Essex,
A prosperous general,
With him preparèd
To pass the salt flood.
Dub a-dub, etc.

At Plymouth speedily,
Took they ships valiantly;
Braver ships never
Were seen under sail;
With their fair colours spread,
And streamers o'er their head;
Now, bragging Spaniards,
Take heed of your tail.
Dub a-dub, etc.

Unto Cales cunningly,
Came we most happily,
Where the kings navy
Did secretly ride;
Being upon their back,
Piercing their buts of sack,
Ere that the Spaniards
Our coming descry'd.
Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra,
The Englishman comes;
Bounce a-bounce, bounce a-bounce,
Off went the guns.

Great was the crying,
Running and riding,
Which at that season
Was made at that place;
Then beacons were firèd,
As need was requirèd;
To hide their great treasure,
They had little space:
"Alas!" they cryèd,
"English men comes."

There you might see the ships,
How they were firèd fast,
And how the men drown'd
Themselves in the sea;
There you may hear them cry,
Wail and weep piteously;
When as they saw no shift
To escape thence away.
Dub a-dub, etc.

The great Saint Philip,
The pride of the Spaniards,
Was burnt to the bottom,
And sunk in the sea;
But the Saint Andrew,
And eke the Saint Matthew,
We took in fight manfully,
And brought them away.
Dub a-dub, etc.

The earl of Essex,
Most valiant and hardy,
With horsemen and footmen
March'd towards the town;
The enemies which saw them,
Full greatly affrighted,
Did fly for their safeguard,
And durst not come down.
Dub a-dub, etc.

"Now," quoth the noble earl,
"Courage, my soldiers all!
Fight and be valiant,
And spoil you shall have;
And well rewarded all,
From the great to the small;
But look that the women
And children you save."
Dub a-dub, etc.

The Spaniards at that sight,
Saw 't was in vain to fight,
Hung up their flags of truce,
Yielding the town;
We march'd in presently,
Decking the walls on high
With our English colours,
Which purchas'd renown.
Dub a-dub, etc.

Ent'ring the houses then,
And of the richest men,

For gold and treasure
We searchèd each day;
In some places we did find
Pye baking in the oven,
Meat at the fire roasting,
And men run away.
Dub a-dub, etc.

Full of rich merchandise,
Every shop we did see,
Damask and sattins
And velvet full fair;
Which soldiers measure out
By the length of their swords:
Of all commodities,
Each one hath share.
Dub a-dub, etc.

Thus Cales was taken,
And our brave general
March'd to the market-place,
There he did stand;
There many prisoners
Of good account were took;
Many crav'd mercy,
And mercy they found.
Dub a-dub, etc.

When as our general
Saw they delayèd time,
And would not ransom
The town as they said,

With their fair wainscots,
Their presses and bedsteads,
Their joint-stools and tables,
A fire we made:
And when the town burnt in a flame,
With tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra-ra,
From thence we came.

Percy's Reliques.

THE WINNING OF CALES.

WE saw a banded confraternity,
By soldiers called a squadron, men whose blows
Were dreaded more by friends than English foes,
Holding an Easter May-game in July;
All plumed, as if they meant to mount and fly:
What wonder if, ere fifteen days had close,
This pomp of Babel vanished, as it rose,
Giants and dwarfs, with all their surquedry!
Oft, like a valiant bull-calf, at their drill
Had stout Becerro roared; pale grew the sun
Beneath their smoke; earth trembled at their din:
But all too late at Cales to fight or kill;
The English Earl was gone; his booty won;
And in grand triumph marched our grand Duke in!

Miguel de Cervantes. Tr. E. Churton.

THE GIRL OF CADIZ.

O, NEVER talk again to me
Of northern climes and British ladies;
It has not been your lot to see,

Like me, the lovely Girl of Cadiz.
Although her eyes be not of blue,
Nor fair her locks, like English lassies,
How far its own expressive hue
The languid azure eye surpasses!

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole
The fire that through those silken lashes
In darkest glances seems to roll,
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes;
And as along her bosom steal
In lengthened flow her raven tresses,
You 'd swear each clustering lock could feel,
And curled to give her neck caresses.

Our English maids are long to woo,
And frigid even in possession;
And if their charms be fair to view,
Their lips are slow at love's confession;
But, born beneath a brighter sun,
For love ordained the Spanish maid is,
And who, when fondly, fairly won,
Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz?

The Spanish maid is no coquette,
Nor joys to see a lover tremble;
And if she love or if she hate,
Alike she knows not to dissemble.
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold, —
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely;
And, though it will not bend to gold,
'T will love you long, and love you dearly.

The Spanish girl that meets your love
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial;
For every thought is bent to prove
Her passion in the hour of trial.
When thronging foemen menace Spain
She dares the deed and shares the danger;
And should her lover press the plain,
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

And when, beneath the evening star,
She mingles in the gay Bolero,
Or sings to her attuned guitar
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero,
Or counts her beads with fairy hand
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,
Or joins devotion's choral band
To chant the sweet and hallowed vesper,

In each her charms the heart must move
Of all who venture to behold her.
Then let not maids less fair reprove,
Because her bosom is not colder;
Through many a clime 't is mine to roam
Where many a soft and melting maid is,
But none abroad, and few at home,
May match the dark-eyed Girl of Cadiz.

Lord Byron.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA.

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the northwest died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;

Bluish mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest northeast distance, dawned Gibraltar grand and gray;
"Here and here did England help me, — how can I help England?" — say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

Robert Browning.

CADIZ.

WE saw fair Cadiz gleam out suddenly,
White as if builded of the foam of Ocean;
White as a bride with orange blossoms free
Scattered upon her; and it seemed to me
Her sweet breath met us with the wind's least motion.

And by her side a cloudy mountain rose,
Its top enfolding soft a purple tower;
Such shapes sometimes our new-world sunset shows,
But thou, old mountain! on thy sides still flower
The very blooms of poor Zarifa's bower.

And from thy purple turrets leaning low,
Thy course is seen, O shining Guadalquivir!
Rushing towards the sea, its waves to strew
With leaves of old Romance,
And blend with Ocean's flow
Fresh sighs for youth and beauty gone forever.

Fade once again on the horizon's rim,
Take back the vision and the sweet emotion,

O lovely Cadiz! bride so fair and dim!
Drained is the cup thou filled'st me to the brim,
And dropped within the bluest wave of Ocean!

Maria Lowell.

CADIZ.

FAIR Cadiz, with thy wall of whitest stone,
Thy graceful mansions more than marble white,
Art thou a city of alabaster bright,
Hewn from one rock? From the Czarina flown
Are icy palaces these? But, like thine own
Queen votive rising, ravishing the sight,
From ocean, — hail, O Summer of Delight,
Loosed for no frost-couch the voluptuous zone!
Dangerous the blush of Andalusian even
To youth, that on thine Alameda loiters,
Where, warm as Houris of an Eastern heaven,
Through flower-walks undulate thy dark-eyed daughters,
A glow more mantling by the sea-breeze given,
As love's sweet star stoops rosy to the conscious waters!

William Gibson.

Calahorra.

SAINT DOMINIC.

WITHIN that region where the sweet west-wind
Rises to open the new leaves, wherewith
Europe is seen to clothe herself afresh,

Not far off from the beating of the waves,
Behind which in his long career the sun
Sometimes conceals himself from every man,
Is situate the fortunate Calahorra,
Under protection of the mighty shield
In which the Lion subject is and sovereign.
Therein was born the amorous paramour
Of Christian Faith, the athlete consecrate,
Kind to his own and cruel to his foes;
And when it was created was his mind
Replete with such a living energy,
That in his mother her it made prophetic.
As soon as the espousals were complete
Between him and the Faith at holy font,
Where they with mutual safety dowered each other,
The woman, who for him had given assent,
Saw in a dream the admirable fruit
That issue would from him and from his heirs;
And that he might be construed as he was,
A spirit from this place went forth to name him
With His possessive whose he wholly was.
Dominic was he called; and him I speak of
Even as of the husbandman whom Christ
Elected to his garden to assist him.
Envoy and servant sooth he seemed of Christ,
For the first love made manifest in him
Was the first counsel that was given by Christ.
Silent and wakeful many a time was he
Discovered by his nurse upon the ground,
As if he would have said, "For this I came."
O thou his father, Felix verily!

O thou his mother, verily Joanna,
If this, interpreted, means as is said!
Not for the world which people toil for now
In following Ostiense and Taddeo,
But through his longing after the true manna,
He in short time became so great a teacher,
That he began to go about the vineyard,
Which fadeth soon, if faithless be the dresser;
And of the See, (that once was more benignant
Unto the righteous poor, not through itself,
But him who sits there and degenerates,)
Not to dispense or two or three for six,
Not any fortune of first vacancy,
Non decimas quæ sunt pauperum Dei,
He asked for, but against the errant world
Permission to do battle for the seed,
Of which these four-and-twenty plants surround thee.
Then with the doctrine and the will together,
With office apostolical he moved,
Like torrent which some lofty vein out-presses;
And in among the shoots heretical
His impetus with greater fury smote,
Wherever the resistance was the greatest.
Of him were made thereafter divers runnels,
Whereby the garden catholic is watered,
So that more living its plantations stand.

Dante Alighieri. Tr. H. W. Longfellow.

Cangas de Tineo.

RODERICK AT CANGAS.

HOW calmly gliding through the dark-blue sky
The midnight moon ascends! Her placid beams
Through thinly scattered leaves and boughs grotesque
Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope;
Here, o'er the chestnut's fretted foliage gray
And massy, motionless they spread; here shine
Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
Their chasms; and there the glittering argentry
Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.
A lovelier, purer light than that of day
Rests on the hills; and O, how awfully
Into that deep and tranquil firmament
The summits of Auseva rise serene!
The watchman on the battlements partakes
The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels
The silence of the earth, the endless sound
Of flowing water soothes him, and the stars,
Which in that brightest moonlight wellnigh quenched
Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
Draw on with elevating influence
Toward eternity the attempered mind.

Robert Southey.

THE ACCLAMATION OF PELAYO.

NOW, when from Covadonga, down the vale
Holding his way, the princely mountaineer
Came with that happy family in sight
Of Cangas and his native towers, far off
He saw before the gate, in fair array,
The assembled land. Broad banners were displayed,
And spears were sparkling to the sun, shields shone,
And helmets glittered, and the blaring horn,
With frequent sally of impatient joy,
Provoked the echoes round. Well he areads,
From yonder ensigns and augmented force,
That Odoar and the Primate from the west
Have brought their aid; but wherefore all were thus
Instructed as for some great festival,
He found not, till Favila's quicker eye
Catching the ready buckler, the glad boy
Leapt up, and, clapping his exultant hands,
Shouted, King! King! my father shall be king
This day! Pelayo started at the word,
And the first thought which smote him brought a sigh
For Roderick's fall; the second was of hope,
Deliverance for his country, for himself
Enduring fame, and glory for his line.

* * *

Roderick brought
The buckler: eight for strength and stature chosen
Came to their honored office; round the shield
Standing, they lower it for the chieftain's feet,

Then, slowly raised upon their shoulders, lift
The steady weight. Erect Pelayo stands,
And thrice he brandishes the burnished sword,
While Urban to the assembled people cries,
"Spaniards, behold your king!" The multitude
Then sent forth all their voice with glad acclaim,
Raising the loud *Real;* thrice did the word
Ring through the air, and echo from the walls
Of Cangas. Far and wide the thundering shout,
Rolling among reduplicating rocks,
Pealed o'er the hills, and up the mountain vales.
The wild ass starting in the forest glade
Ran to the covert; the affrighted wolf
Skulked through the thicket to a closer brake;
The sluggish bear, awakened in his den,
Roused up and answered with a sullen growl,
Low-breathed and long; and at the uproar scared,
The brooding eagle from her nest took wing.

Robert Southey.

Ciudad Rodrigo.

FOR THE WALLS OF CIUDAD RODRIGO.

HERE Craufurd fell, victorious, in the breach,
Leading his countrymen in that assault
Which won from haughty France these rescued walls;
And here entombed, far from his native land
And kindred dust, his honored relics rest.
Well was he versed in war, in the Orient trained

Beneath Cornwallis; then, for many a year,
Following through arduous and ill-fated fields
The Austrian banners; on the sea-like shores
Of Plata next, still by malignant stars
Pursued; and in that miserable retreat,
For which Coruña witnessed on her hills
The pledge of vengeance given. At length he saw,
Long wooed and well deserved, the brighter face
Of Fortune, upon Coa's banks vouchsafed,
Before Almeida, when Massena found
The fourfold vantage of his numbers foiled,
Before the Briton and the Portugal,
There vindicating first his old renown,
And Craufurd's mind that day presiding there.
Again was her auspicious countenance
Upon Busaco's holy heights revealed;
And when by Torres Vedras, Wellington,
Wisely secure, defied the boastful French,
With all their power; and when Onoro's springs
Beheld that execrable enemy
Again chastised beneath the avenging arm.
Too early here his honorable course
He closed, and won his noble sepulchre.
Where should the soldier rest so worthily
As where he fell? Be thou his monument,
O City of Rodrigo! yea, be thou,
To latest time, his trophy and his tomb!
Sultans, or Pharaohs of the elder world,
Lie not in mosque or pyramid enshrined
Thus gloriously, nor in so proud a grave.

Robert Southey.

Compostella (Santiago).

THE CID AND THE LEPER.

HE has ta'en some twenty gentlemen, along with him to go,
For he will pay that ancient vow he to Saint James doth owe;
To Compostella, where the shrine doth by the altar stand,
The good Rodrigo de Bivar is riding through the land.

Where'er he goes, much alms he throws to feeble folk and poor;
Beside the way for him they pray, him blessings to procure;
For, God and Mary Mother, their heavenly grace to win,
His hand was ever bountiful: great was his joy therein.

And there, in middle of the path, a leper did appear;
In a deep slough the leper lay, none would to help come near.
With a loud voice he thence did cry, "For God our Saviour's sake,
From out this fearful jeopardy a Christian brother take."

When Roderick heard that piteous word, he from his horse came down;
For all they said, no stay he made, that noble champion;

He reached his hand to pluck him forth, of fear was no account,
Then mounted on his steed of worth, and made the leper mount.

Behind him rode the leprous man; when to their hostelrie
They came, he made him eat with him at table cheerfully;
While all the rest from that poor guest with loathing shrunk away,
To his own bed the wretch he led, beside him there he lay.

All at the mid-hour of the night, while good Rodrigo slept,
A breath came from the leprous man, it through his shoulders crept;
Right through the body, at the breast, passed forth that breathing cold;
I wot he leaped up with a start, in terrors manifold.

He groped for him in the bed, but him he could not find;
Through the dark chamber groped he, with very anxious mind;
Loudly he lifted up his voice, with speed a lamp was brought,
Yet nowhere was the leper seen, though far and near they sought.

He turned him to his chamber, God wot, perplexed sore
With that which had befallen — when lo! his face before,

There stood a man, all clothed in vesture shining white:
Thus said the vision, "Sleepest thou or wakest thou,
Sir Knight?" —

"I sleep not," quoth Rodrigo; "but tell me who art thou,
For, in the midst of darkness, much light is on thy brow?"
"I am the holy Lazarus, I come to speak with thee;
I am the same poor leper thou savedst for charity.

"Not vain the trial, nor in vain thy victory hath been;
God favors thee, for that my pain thou didst relieve yestreen.
There shall be honor with thee in battle and in peace,
Success in all thy doings, and plentiful increase.

"Strong enemies shall not prevail, thy greatness to undo;
Thy name shall make men's cheeks full pale, — Christian and Moslem too;
A death of honor shalt thou die, such grace to thee is given,
Thy soul shall part victoriously, and be received in heaven."

When he these gracious words had said, the spirit vanished quite.
Rodrigo rose and knelt him down — he knelt till morning light;
Unto the Heavenly Father, and Mary Mother dear,
He made his prayer right humbly, till dawned the morning clear.

Spanish Ballad. Tr. J. G. Lockhart.

Consuegra.

PEDRO THE CRUEL AND THE PRIOR OF ST. JOHN'S.

DON DIEGO of Padilla, — Heaven forgive him now he 's dead! —
Led apart the king Don Pedro, and in secret guise he said:
"In Consuegra stands a castle; fairer ne'er was raised with stones;
Fitter 't were the king should hold it, than the Prior of St. John's.
Bid the Prior, good king, to supper; let him find, ere night be gone,
Such a feast as King Alfonso gave at Toro to Don John:
When the Prior — he 's worth no pity — shorter by the head shall be,
If the castle want a tenant, grant the fief, dread lord, to me."

While these twain stood thus at council, lo! the simple Prior drew near.
"Heaven," he said, "preserve your Highness long the royal crown to wear!"
"Welcome, gentle Prior, O, welcome: tell the truth, good sir, to me;
That same Castle of Consuegra, — tell me whose the place may be."

"Yours, my liege, both town and castle; yours they are by sovereign right."
"Then, good Prior, be here to supper; you shall be my guest to-night."
"I attend my sovereign's pleasure, and with right good-will shall come;
But another charge now waits me: monks, who seek with me a home,
Here as strangers need a lodging; let me to their comfort see."
"Granted in Heaven's name, good Prior; but be sure you sup with me."
First the Prior would seek the kitchen; for his trusty cook was there,
Brought to guard his master's eating, — men may die of poisoned fare; —
Like a comrade he bespoke him; none his purpose guessed but he:
"Friend, since friends have all in common, change awhile your dress with me.
Thus attired, at cool of even, ere the summer sun go down,
You may lounge with lords and ladies through the walks of this fair town."
Then the Prior alone in stable sought his mule oft tried at need:
"Good gray mule, once more to aid me thou must prove thy best of speed:
Thrice my life thy help has rescued: if thy course this night thou hold,
Thy brave hoofs, for steel too noble, shall be shod with beaten gold."

On her back he threw the saddle, drew the girths with
silent haste,
And, as evening shades were closing, on his lonely
road he past.

When he came to Azoguejo, market good for corn
and hay,
As the provender she scented, loudly did the gray
mule bray.
But her master could not tarry: on he rode; his mule
so fleet,
As the midnight cocks were crowing, passed Toledo's
bridge and street.
Ere the cock again was crowing, while the dawn was
yet in gloom,
To the Castle of Consuegra weary man and beast had
come.
There he found his guards all watching: "Guards," he
said, "in whose true hands
Rests Consuegra keep and castle, tell me who the
place commands."
"Town and castle own one master; street or turret,
walls and stones,
And the men that dwell within them, are the Prior's
of St. John's."
Glad at heart the weary Prior did his vassals' answer
hear:
"Then unbar the gates, my children; for behold, your
lord is here."
When the warders saw their master, peering out with
jealous care,

Softly they let down the drawbridge, holding still the gates ajar.
"Take my mule," the Prior commanded; "treat her well, I charge you all:
But for her no more your master had regained Consuegra's hall.
Treat her well: and for the watching, leave that care for once to me;
I will keep the lantern-chamber, till the adventure's end I see.
I will watch; and watch, my warders: wrath and treachery, armed with death,
Fain would pay with traitors' guerdon those true hearts that keep their faith."

Scarce these words the Prior had ended, lo! the king, good man, drew near;
When he saw the place well guarded, how he questioned you shall hear:
"Tell me, warders of the castle, — Heaven requite your faithful care! —
Tell me whose you call this fortress, whose it is, and whose ye are."
"Town and castle own one master; street or turret, walls and stones,
And the men that dwell within them, are the Prior's of St. John's."
"Then unbar the gates, my vassals: for behold, your lord am I."
"Stand apart, good king, we charge you: royal lips should scorn to lie.

Stand apart; the Prior is with us: home he came ere
dawn of day."
"May the glanders choke his mule then, mule with
coat of silver-gray!
Seven good steeds that beast has cost me; 't is the
eighth I now bestride;
Seven relays! and yet I could not catch the Prior on
his night-ride.
Yet, good Prior, your word can bid them open to their
lord and yours;
'T is no more than right to pay me for my pains of
boots and spurs.
By my crown I swear, I never harm will do to thine
or thee."
"My good king, I know thou wilt not: for the game
rests now with me."

Luis de Góngora. Tr. E. Churton.

Cordova.

CORDOVA.

Thus they pursued
Their journey, each from other gathering store
For thought, with many a silent interval
Of mournful meditation, till they saw
The temples and the towers of Cordoba
Shining majestic in the light of eve.
Before them Betis rolled his glittering stream,

In many a silvery winding traced afar
Amid the ample plain. Behind the walls
And stately piles which crowned its margin, rich
With olives, and with sunny slope of vines,
And many a lovely hamlet interspersed,
Whose citron bowers were once the abode of peace,
Height above height, receding hills were seen
Imbued with evening hues; and over all
The summits of the dark sierra rose,
Lifting their heads amid the silent sky.
The traveller who with a heart at ease
Had seen the goodly vision, would have loved,
To linger, seeking with insatiate sight
To treasure up its image, deep impressed,
A joy for years to come. "O Cordoba,"
Exclaimed the old man, "how princely are thy towers,
How fair thy vales, thy hills how beautiful!
The sun who sheds on thee his parting smiles
Sees not in all his wide career a scene
Lovelier, nor more exuberantly blest
By bounteous earth and heaven."

Robert Southey.

CORDOVA.

A GRAND town-square, close streets, or rather straits;
A rich old bishop, traders poor as rats;
Fair horses, ambling slow, with such soft paces,
As well might teach the women better graces;
Women, whose gait and pace so strong and coarse is,
You 'd think they practised steps with stalking horses;
Rude shapeless houses, men like cornstalks tall,

Cobblers' and stitchers' work on every stall;
Stummed wine to drink, lean bread to feed upon;
A crowd of fools, — wise Góngora all alone, —
I found at Cordova; — if bad's the best,
Let him who finds aught better paint the rest.

Conde de Villamediana. Tr. E. Churton.

PRAISE OF CORDOVA.

YE lofty walls and towers, exalted hold
Of honor, princely state, and knightly worth,
Where Guadalquivir, like a king, goes forth,
Of nobler name than streams with sands of gold;
And thou, fair plain, and stately mountains old,
Which heaven indulgent hangs with wreaths of light;
My land forever loved, in glory bright,
The Muses' bower, and nurse of warriors bold:
If e'er amidst these wrecks and spoils of Time,
Where Genil's arrowy waves and Darro roar,
Thy memory fill not still my mind's glad eye,
Banish me, Fate, for such forgetful crime
From thy fair towers and river rolling by,
Thy palmy plain, thy glens and mountains hoar.

Luis de Góngora. Tr. E. Churton.

THE CATHEDRAL.

SEVEN hundred years ago,
Moslems bade this structure grow;
The graven walls, the gilded roof,
Of their splendors are a proof;

Arabesque and pictured stone
Speak of Moslem art alone;
These mosaics, finely wrought,
Were designed by Moslem thought;
Here a thousand columns stand,
Moslems brought from many a land, —
Of marble and jasper and porphyry,
Precious all and fair to see;
The very lamps that round thee shine
Were bells at St. Iago's shrine,
Which the glorious Almansor
Spoiled five hundred years before.

M. Sabiston.

THE CATHEDRAL.

AS in a forest seeming infinite,
A portal and an altar everywhere,
The soul is moved to lofty thought, and prayer
Unto the Omnipresent One of might,
So had the pious Moslem purpose right,
Who did at Cordova this temple raise;
For when he wandered in the vasty maze
Of columns rich, in every hue bedight,
He knew no spot where he must offer praise,
Nor where he last was prostrate, nor the door
Wherethrough he gained the labyrinthine floor,
Unnoting which, among the nineteen ways;
Nor found he there incitement to adore,
Than as the thankful heart its homage pays.

Joseph Ellis.

ALMANZOR.

I.

IN Cordova's grand cathedral
Stand the pillars thirteen hundred;
Thirteen hundred giant pillars
Bear the cupola, that wonder.

And on walls and dome and pillars,
From the top to bottom winding,
Flow the Arabic Koran proverbs,
Quaintly and like flowers twining.

Moorish monarchs once erected
This fair pile to Allah's glory;
But in the wild dark whirl of ages
Many a change has stolen o'er it.

On the minaret, where the Mollah
Called to prayer amid the turrets,
Now the Christian bells are ringing
With a melancholy drumming.

On the steps where once the Faithful
Sung the praises of the Prophet,
Now the mass's worn-out wonder
To the world the bald priests offer.

What a turning, what a twisting,
By the puppets in odd draping!

What a bleating, steaming, ringing,
Round the foolish, flashing tapers!

In Cordova's grand cathedral
Stands Almanzor ben Abdullah,
Silently the pillars eying,
And these words in silence murmuring:

"O ye strong and giant pillars,
Once adorned in Allah's glory,
Now ye serve, and deck while serving,
The detested faith now o'er us!

"But if to the times ye 're suited,
And ye calmly bear the burden,
Surely it becomes the weaker
Of such lore to be a learner."

So Almanzor ben Abdullah
Smiled and bowed with cheerful motion,
O'er the decorated font-stone
In the minster of Cordova.

II.

Hastily from the cathedral,
Headlong on his wild horse riding,
Went the knight, his ringlets waving,
And with them his feathers flying,

On the way to Alcolea,
All along the Guadalquivir,

By the perfumed golden orange
And the almond's snow-white glitter.

Onward flies the joyous rider,
Whistling, singing, gayly laughing;
And the birds with merry music,
And the waterfall, sing after.

In the castle Alcolea
Dwells fair Clara de Alvarez.
She is free now, since her father
Wages battle in Navarra.

In the distance drums and trumpets
Sound a welcome to Almanzor,
And he sees the castle-tapers
Gleaming through the forest-shadows.

In the castle Alcolea
Twelve fair dames are gayly dancing;
Twelve gay knights are dancing with them,
Best of all Almanzor dances.

As if whirled by gay caprices,
Round the hall he gayly flutters,
And by him to every lady
Sweetest flattery is uttered.

Isabella's pretty fingers
Then are kissed, and then he leaves her;
Next he stands before Elvira,
In her dark eyes archly peeping.

Laughingly he asks Lenora
If to-day he strikes her fancy;
And he shows the golden crosses
Richly broidered in his mantle.

And he vows to every lady,
"In my heart you live, believe me";
And "As true as I 'm a Christian!"
Thirty times he swore that evening.

III.

In the castle Alcolea
Mirth and music cease their ringing;
Lords and ladies are departed,
And the tapers are extinguished.

Donna Clara and Almanzor,
Only they alone still linger:
On them shines a single taper,
With its light wellnigh extinguished.

On her chair the dame is seated,
On her footstool he is dozing;
Till his head, with slumber weary,
On the knees he loves reposes.

Now she pours attar of roses
Cautiously, from golden vial,
On the brown locks of Almanzor,
And she hears him deeply sighing.

Ever cautiously the lady
Presses kisses sweet and loving
On the brown locks of Almanzor;
But his brow is clouded over.

Ever cautiously the lady
Weeps in floods, with anguish yearning,
On the brown locks of Almanzor;
And his lip with scorn is curling.

And he dreams again he 's standing
In the minster at Cordova,
Bending with his brown locks dripping,
Gloomy voices murmuring o'er him.

And he hears the giant pillars
Their impatient anger murmur;
Longer they will not endure it,
And they tremble, and they totter,

And they wildly crash together.
Deadly pale are priest and people.
Down the cupola comes thundering,
And the Christian gods are grieving.

Heinrich Heine. Tr. C. G. Leland.

Corunna (La Coruña).

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone, —
But we left him alone in his glory.

Charles Wolfe.

THE MUFFLED DRUM.

THE muffled drum was heard
In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull, deep rolling sound,
Which told the hamlets round
Of a soldier's burial rite.

But it told them not how dear,
In a home beyond the main,
Was the warrior youth laid low that hour
By a mountain stream of Spain.

The oaks of England waved
O'er the slumbers of his race,

But a pine of the Ronceval made moan
Above his last, lone place;

When the muffled drum was heard
In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull, deep rolling sound,
Which called strange echoes round
To the soldier's burial rite.

Brief was the sorrowing there,
By the stream from battle red,
And tossing on its wave the plumes
Of many a stately head;

But a mother — soon to die —
And a sister — long to weep —
Even then were breathing prayers for him
In that home beyond the deep;

While the muffled drum was heard
In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull, deep rolling sound,
And the dark pines mourned around
O'er the soldier's burial rite.

Felicia Hemans.

AT CORUÑA.

WHEN from these shores the British army first
Boldly advanced into the heart of Spain,
The admiring people who beheld its march
Called it "the Beautiful." And surely well

Its proud array, its perfect discipline,
Its ample furniture of war complete,
Its powerful horse, its men of British mould,
All high in heart and hope, all of themselves
Assured, and in their leaders confident,
Deserved the title. Few short weeks elapsed
Ere hither that disastrous host returned,
A fourth of all its gallant force consumed
In hasty and precipitate retreat;
Stores, treasure, and artillery, in the wreck
Left to the fierce pursuer; horse and man
Foundered, and stiffening on the mountain snows.
But when the exulting enemy approached,
Boasting that he would drive into the sea
The remnant of the wretched fugitives,
Here, ere they reached their ships, they turned at bay.
Then was the proof of British courage seen:
Against a foe far overnumbering them,
An insolent foe, rejoicing in pursuit,
Sure of the fruit of victory, whatsoe'er
Might be the fate of battle, here they stood,
And their safe embarkation, — all they sought, —
Won manfully. That mournful day avenged
Their sufferings, and redeemed their country's name;
And thus Coruña, which in this retreat
Had seen the else indelible reproach
Of England, saw the stain effaced in blood.

Robert Southey.

EPITAPH.

HE who in this unconsecrated ground
Obtained a soldier's grave hath left a name
Which will endure in history: the remains
Of Moore, the British General, rest below.
His early prowess Corsica beheld,
When at Mozello, bleeding, through the breach
He passed victorious; the Columbian isles
Then saw him tried; upon the sandy downs
Of Holland was his riper worth approved;
And, leaving on the Egyptian shores his blood,
He gathered there fresh palms. High in repute,
A gallant army last he led to Spain,
In arduous times; for moving in his strength,
With all his mighty means of war complete,
The tyrant Bonaparté bore down all
Before him; and the British Chief beheld,
Where'er he looked, rout, treason, and dismay,
All sides with all embarrassments beset,
And danger pressing on. Hither he came
Before the far-outnumbering hosts of France
Retreating to her ships, and close pursued;
Nor were there wanting men who counselled him
To offer terms, and from the enemy
Purchase a respite to embark in peace,
At price of such abasement, — even to this,
Brave as they were, by hopelessness subdued.
That shameful counsel Moore, in happy hour

Remembering what was due to England's name,
Refused: he fought, he conquered, and he fell.

Robert Southey.

BATTLE OF CORUÑA.

THE tide of fate rolls on! — heart-pierced and pale,
The gallant soldier lies, nor aught avail
The shield, the sword, the spirit of the brave,
From rapine's armed hand thy vales to save,
Land of illustrious heroes, who, of yore,
Drenched the same plains with the invader's gore,
Stood frowning, in the front of death, and hurled
Defiance to the conquerors of the world!

O, when we hear the agonizing tale
Of those who, faint and fugitive and pale,
Saw hourly, harassed through their long retreat,
Some worn companion sinking at their feet,
Yet even in danger and from toil more bold,
Back on their gathering foes the tide of battle rolled; —
While tears of pity mingle with applause,
On the dread scene in silence let us pause;
Yes, pause, and ask, Is not thy awful hand
Stretched out, O God, o'er a devoted land,
Whose vales of beauty Nature spread in vain,
Where Misery moaned on the uncultured plain,
Where Bigotry went by with jealous scowl,
Where Superstition muttered in his cowl;
Whilst o'er the Inquisition's dismal holds,
Its horrid banner waved in bleeding folds!

William Lisle Bowles.

Covadonga.

THE SHRINE.

O HOLIEST Mary, maid and mother! thou
In Covadonga, at thy rocky shrine,
Hast witnessed whatsoe'er of human bliss
Heart can conceive most perfect! Faithful love,
Long crost by envious stars, hath there attained
Its crown, in endless matrimony given;
The youthful mother there hath to the font
Her first-born borne, and there, with deeper sense
Of gratitude for that dear babe redeemed
From threatening death, returned to pay her vows.

Robert Southey.

Cuenca.

THE HIGHLAND MAIDS OF CUENCA.

IN Jucar's pinewood alleys,
Where Jucar's floods are thrown
Deep down the mountain-valleys
O'er sounding beds of stone,
I saw the highland-daughters
Troop forth to dance and play
To music of bright waters,
And winds that swept the spray:

Fair as the fabled wan ones,
That dwell in haunted flood,
Or Huntress Queen's companions,
That range the wild green wood.
But these were Cuenca's daughters;
By Cuenca's mountain-seat
Proud were the mingling waters
To kiss their fairy feet.
And O, with what fresh gladness
Their fair young hands they twined,
Fast friends, unvexed by sadness,
Or fears of change unkind.
They came, their stores to gather
Of pine-cones from the spray,
With freedom and fair weather
To light them on their way,
Where through dark branches straying
Came gleams from sunny skies,
As though blind Love were playing
With Day's ten thousand eyes.
Dance on, ye highland-daughters,
In youth and joy, as now,
To music of the waters,
Beneath the pinewood-bough.

Their flower-inwoven tresses,
That with the breezes played,
Or held with silver laces,
As Art had twined the braid,
In auburn ringlets waving,
Were glorious to behold,

The sunny rays outbraving,
  Or rich Arabia's gold.
Their flowing skirts around them,
  And bodice green or blue,
With Hope's gay cincture bound them,
  Or Heaven's own sapphire hue:
And ever in their dancing,
  By glimpses high or low,
Some pearly foot was glancing
  More white than driven snow.
Then one with lily fingers
  Her castanets would try;
Her voice was like the Singers
  Of dewy Castaly;
It charmed each feathered chorist
  That sings in wild green wood,
It stilled the waving forest,
  And stayed the falling flood.
Still through dark branches straying
  Glance gleams from sunny skies,
As though blind Love were playing
  With Day's ten thousand eyes;
And dance, ye highland-daughters,
  With joy and song, as now,
To music of the waters,
  Beneath the pinewood-bough.

Luis de Góngora. Tr. E. Churton.

HARD FARE AT CUENCA.

TO Cuenca, town of rocks and stony valleys,
A wanderer came, with hunger sore bestead;
And gained dry biscuit, when he asked for bread,
Hard as afflicts poor martyrs in the galleys:
An angel brought this dole, refined in malice,
Cruel as fair; she might as soon have fed
His need with fragments from the flint-worn bed,
Where Jucar tumbles down through greenwood alleys.
"No more of biscuit; give me stones," he said;
"Perchance your townsmen live upon such commons;
Time scarce could do with cliffs what they have done:
Or have these headlands seen Medusa's head,
Like Atlas old, and thou, whose form is woman's,
Art some rock-fairy, in and out all stone?"

Luis de Góngora. Tr. E. Churton.

Darro, the River.

MOORISH BALLAD.

RISING 'neath the moon's dim ray,
Far away,
Stands a Moorish tower tall;
The Darro's waters, swift and pure,

Flow obscure
Below its frowning wall.

Above the stream the sad elms sigh
Mysteriously,
Making soft music to the ear;
And close among the meadow reeds
And tangled weeds
The night breeze whispers near.

On the shore of yellow sand
Flowers expand,
Outpouring perfume wild;
Birds of plumage, fair and bright,
Sing by night,
Amidst the flowers mild.

Waters, dropping, sparkling, fall
Dashing all
Down the rocks' rough sides;
And like the image of a dream,
The broken stream
Paints pictures as it glides.

Thrown open to a wayward breeze,
The jalousies
Welcome its murmurs breathed around;
Within the dark balcony wide,
The Sultan's bride
Stands as in silence bound.

Yet, soft! she sings, half hidden there,
The midnight air
Is touched with gentle sound,
And the bride's voice, in breathings low,
Is lost below
Upon the herb-grown ground.

Only to that plaintive voice,
With wakeful noise
The nightingale replies,
Warbling in tuneful ease,
Among the trees
That in the garden rise.

This sweet and strange accord
Of voice and bird
Swells round that solemn tower;
Hushed, as if listening, seem
The breeze, the stream,
Elm, palace, field, and flower.

There sang the Sultan's bride,
And there replied
The bird in harmony, —
And there the Sultan stood,
And murmurs heard,
While watching jealously.

"They give me love of price untold,
Rich pearls and gold,
And bring me garlands dear;

Yet say, O flower! to fortune rare
And beauty fair,
What still is wanting here?

They give me festival and state,
And gardens great,
To Eden's paradise near;
But, garden, say, — with fortune rare
And beauty fair,
What still is wanting here?

"They give me plumes as bright
As fleecy light,
Veiling the charms they fear;
O, say, thou bird! to fortune rare
And beauty fair,
What still is wanting here?

"Nothing appears in frightful guise
Before my eyes,
Nothing calls forth a tear;
Then say, O moon! to fortune rare
And beauty fair,
What still is wanting here?"

So far she sang, — when silently
And suddenly
A shadow came across the light, —
It was the Sultan, at the side
Of his fair bride, —
She started, half in fright.

"Thou hast all things," said he to her,
"In thy tower, —
Flowers and jewels dear;
Tell me, loved one, to thy portion,
To thy passion,
What still is wanting here?

"What is there in the garden old,
Or waters cold,
What has the bird or flower,
That with the dawn of every day
I do not lay
At thy own feet, a dower?

"Tell me what thou wishest, sweet one,
Charm or fortune, —
Ask me even for a folly."
"Sultan, these birds that I love, singing,
These flowers springing,
Have air and liberty!"

José Zorrilla. Tr. S. Eliot.

Denia.

THE PORT OF REFUGE.

THREE Corsairs from Algier
Came flying o'er the sea,
As though the Wind their father were,
And these his children three:

And, darting through the brine,
The pirates' hunted prey,
A Genoese swift brigantine
Before them fled away.

A prize of noble worth
That flying vessel bore,
Sent in our Viceroy's convoy forth
To Naples' sunny shore.

It was a knight of Spain
From Leon's town and tower,
And with him maiden daughters twain,
A bud, and opening flower;

From Leon's mountain-seat,
The garden where they grew; —
When, parting wide the gallant fleet,
The thwarting tempest blew;

And worse than storm that howled
From Afric's capes afar,
Morat, the renegado, prowled,
Foul hawk of pirate war;

Calabrian harpy rude,
The rifler fierce and fell,
Who fain in Spanish egret's blood
Would dye his beak and bell.

On sounding wings he flew;
But, ere the chase had closed,

The storm with slackening gale withdrew,
And Mercy interposed.

To low Denia's bay
They sailed, to port and tower,
Pride of a Marquess yesterday,
Now graced with Ducal power.

A glance the warder cast,
And spied far off from shore
The crescent on the Moorish mast,
The cross the Christians bore.

The fort its cannon fired;
Dark vapors filled the skies;
The baffled Corsair warned retired,
The port received his prize.

The port's broad arms between,
Forespent with eager joy,
The tempest-shattered brigantine
Breathed free from past annoy.

The grateful Leonese
With garlands wreathed his brow,
And glad at heart in words like these
To Heaven poured forth his vow:

"O port and temple blest,
Safe home from wayward sea,
Which Time must whelm, ere souls distressed
Shall cease to fly to thee;

"Strong fort, of miscreant Moors
The terror and disdain;
Firm shield, and sword of royal force
Right judgment to maintain;

"Long live thy princely halls
Their titled lord to greet;
Low as the waves that bathe thy walls,
May Envy kiss his feet!

"And lasting be the grace
He from our King hath won;
For well hath merit held the place
In favor first begun!

"Such service Honor gives;
Then, while in Mantuan lays
The praise of good Achates lives,
Live faithful Lerma's praise!"

Luis de Góngora. Tr. E. Churton.

Deva, the River.

THE RIVER DEVA.

A MOUNTAIN rivulet,
Now calm and lovely in its summer course,
Held by those huts its everlasting way
Towards Pionia. They whose flocks and herds

Drink of its water call it Deva. Here
Pelayo southward up the ruder vale
Traced it, his guide unerring. Amid heaps
Of mountain wreck, on either side thrown high,
The widespread traces of its wintry might,
The tortuous channel wound: o'er beds of sand
Here silently it flows; here from the rock
Rebutted, curls and eddies; plunges here
Precipitate; here roaring among crags,
It leaps and foams and whirls and hurries on.
Gray alders here and bushy hazels hid
The mossy side; their wreathed and knotted feet
Bared by the current, now against its force
Repaying the support they found, upheld
The bank secure. Here, bending to the stream
The birch fantastic stretched its rugged trunk,
Tall and erect from whence, as from their base,
Each like a tree, its silver branches grew.
The cherry here hung for the birds of heaven
Its rosy fruit on high. The elder there
Its purple berries o'er the water bent,
Heavily hanging. Here, amid the brook,
Gray as the stone to which it clung, half root,
Half trunk, the young ash rises from the rock;
And there its parent lifts a lofty head,
And spreads its graceful boughs; the passing wind
With twinkling motion lifts the silent leaves,
And shakes its rattling tufts.

* * *

The ascending vale,
Long straitened by the narrowing mountains, here

Was closed. In front a rock, abrupt and bare,
Stood eminent, in height exceeding far
All edifice of human power, by king
Or caliph, or barbaric sultan reared,
Or mightier tyrants of the world of old,
Assyrian or Egyptian, in their pride;
Yet far above, beyond the reach of sight,
Swell after swell, the heathery mountain rose.
Here, in two sources, from the living rock
The everlasting springs of Deva gushed.
Upon a smooth and grassy plat below,
By Nature there as for an altar drest,
They joined their sister stream, which from the earth
Welled silently. In such a scene rude man
With pardonable error might have knelt,
Feeling a present Deity, and made
His offering to the fountain nymph devout.

Robert Southey.

Ebro, the River.

BIRD THAT ART SINGING ON EBRO'S SIDE.

BIRD that art singing on Ebro's side!
Where myrtle shadows make dim the tide,
Doth sorrow dwell midst the leaves with thee?
Doth song avail thy full heart to free?
Bird of the midnight's purple sky!
Teach me the spell of thy melody.

Bird! is it blighted affection's pain
Whence the sad sweetness flows through thy strain?
And is the wound of that arrow stilled
When thy lone music the leaves hath filled?
Bird of the midnight's purple sky!
Teach me the spell of thy melody.

Felicia Hemans.

Escurial (*Escorial*), *the.*

THE ESCORIAL.

THIS gorgeous sacred dome, — no pile profane, —
Whose glories leave the clouds of morn outdone,
Flouting the sun-rays, where in dazzling stone
The columns rise like giants from the plain,
Provokes no wrath from heaven, no jealous pain
In day's bright lord. The splendor but makes known
A temple reared to Spain's great martyred son
By the great king of ever-faithful Spain.
A great religion works this marvel rare,
Meet for the monarch, whose unquestioned sway
The new-found West and Eastern Indians own:
Stern Fate, be gentle: Time, the beauty spare
Of this eighth wonder; spare for many a day
In peaceful age our second Solomon.

Luis de Góngora. Tr. E. Churton.

THE ESCURIAL.

SET as a challenge at the mountain's side,
Afar the dark Escurial is descried.
Three hundred feet from earth uplifting thus
On its colossal shoulder firmly braced,
Huge elephant, the cupola defaced,
Granite debauch of Spain's Tiberius.

Old Pharaoh built not for his mummy's tomb
On mountain-side a thing of greater gloom;
The desert's sphinx hath seen no more unrest.
In chimney-tops the stork is sleeping now,
Through all the abandoned courts the grasses grow,
Of monks, priests, soldiers, courtiers, dispossessed.

All would seem dead, but that from everything,
Niche, cornice, fronton, hand of sculptured king,
The flocks of swallows constant flutter keep,
With their wild merriment and charming cries;
Teasing, with flapping wings to ope his eyes,
This drowsy giant of eternal sleep.

Théophile Gautier. Tr. C. F. Bates.

THE ESCORIAL.

I LOVE the solemn awe that broods around
This spot, so wondrous in its solitude:
'T is grave, e'en as the ancient faith that walked

In high austerity throughout the land;
'T is still, as if the many hundred monks
Who lie beneath my feet had e'en but now
To Mary said their prayer, and, one by one,
Crept down below unto their rest in death;
'T is cold and calm as was the iron front
Of him, its king, who built him here a house,
Where, with his bosom-friend Remorse, he came,
And, in her dread companionship, grew pale
With looking on the blackness of his soul,
And pondering how best to meet his God;
'T is awful, with its royal dead, who lie
In chill magnificence.

The mountains gray,
Wherein the Escorial sits, breathe o'er her like
Ascetics rude. The very hedgerows dare
Not seek in graceful longing the glad sky,
But their young shoots are disciplined unto
A goodly sanctity.

But, ah! behold
The pages of the ancient manuscripts,
With History's morning twilight, gold and red!
We of the more advancing day have paled
The horizon of our books, as of our lives;
And in the broad, clear beams of Learning's sun,
We know not the old age's intensity.
The streaks of opening glory then burned in
A deeper coloring to all her thought.

Poor Philip! I can see thee now, within
The narrow room near by the chapel, where,

Midst all thy mortal pains, thy gaze was fixed
Upon the altar, while thy dying bed
Was quivering in the mighty organ's roll.
Thy worship's pageantry moved daily o'er
Thy glazing eye: like him who walks the night
In dreams, thou seeing wert, and seeing not.
Ah! better he, the pure in heart, who makes
His bed beneath the open dome of stars,
And seeth God, the great High Priest, perform
The ritual of the world, and, on the voice
Of answering Nature, passeth unto heaven!

Martha Perry Lowe.

Esla, the River.

THE RIVER ESLA.

THE river Esla, where we past it a little below Benavente, is a clear, deep, tranquil stream. I drank of its water, and found it excellent. A stream of little note, yet should it be dear to the poet; for it is consecrated by the genius of George of Montemayor. I must give you a specimen of the poetry of his Diana. After a year's absence Sireno returns to his mistress on the banks of the Esla, and finds her married. In this state he lays him down on the shore, and addresses these lines to a lock of her hair. — SOUTHEY'S *Letters from Spain.*

AH me! thou relic of that faithless fair!
Sad changes have I suffered since that day
When, in this valley, from her long loose hair
I bore thee, relic of my love! away.
Well did I then believe Diana's truth,
For soon true love each jealous care represses;

And fondly thought that never other youth
Should wanton with the maiden's unbound tresses.

Here on the cold clear Esla's breezy side
My hand amid her ringlets wont to rove,
She proffered now the lock and now denied,
With all the baby playfulness of love.
Here the false maid, with many an artful tear,
Made me each rising thought of doubt discover,
And vowed and wept, — till hope had ceased to fear,
Ah me! beguiling like a child her lover.

Witness thou how that fondest, falsest fair
Has sighed and wept on Esla's sheltered shore,
And vowed eternal truth, and made me swear,
My heart no jealousy should harbor more.
Ah! tell me! could I but believe those eyes?
Those lovely eyes with tears my cheek bedewing,
When the mute eloquence of tears and sighs
I felt, and trusted, and embraced my ruin.

So false and yet so fair! so fair a mien
Veiling so false a mind who ever knew?
So true and yet so wretched! who has seen
A man like me, so wretched and so true?
Fly from me on the wind, for you have seen
How kind she was, how loved by her you knew me;
Fly, fly, vain witness what I once have been,
Nor dare, all wretched as I am, to view me!

One evening on the river's pleasant strand,
The maid too well belovéd sat with me,

And with her finger traced upon the sand,
"Death for Diana, — not inconstancy!"
And Love beheld us from his secret stand,
And marked his triumph, laughing to behold me,
To see me trust a writing traced in sand,
To see me credit what a woman told me!

Jorge de Montemayor. Tr. R. Southey.

Finojosa.

SERRANA.

I NE'ER on the border
Saw girl as fair as Rosa,
The charming milk-maiden
Of sweet Finojosa.

Once making a journey
To Santa Maria
Of Calataveño
From weary desire
Of sleep, down a valley
I strayed, where young Rosa
I saw, the milk-maiden
Of lone Finojosa.

In a pleasant green meadow
Midst roses and grasses

Her herd she was tending
With other fair lasses;
So lovely her aspect,
I could not suppose her
A simple milk-maiden
Of rude Finojosa.

I think not primroses
Have half her smile's sweetness,
Or mild, modest beauty;—
I speak with discreetness.
O, had I beforehand
But known of this Rosa,
The handsome milk-maiden
Of far Finojosa,—

Her very great beauty
Had not so subdued,
Because it had left me
To do as I would!
I have said more, O fair one,
By learning 't was Rosa,
The charming milk-maiden
Of sweet Finojosa.

Marques de Santillana. Tr. J. H. Wiffen.

Fuentes de Onoro.

AT FUENTES DE ONORO.

THE Fountains of Onoro, which give name
To this poor hamlet, were distained with blood,
What time Massena, driven from Portugal
By national virtue in endurance proved,
And England's faithful aid, against the land
Not long delivered, desperately made
His last fierce effort here. That day, bestreaked
With slaughter, Coa and Agueda ran,
So deeply had the open veins of war
Purpled their mountain feeders. Strong in means,
With rest and stores and numbers reinforced,
Came the ferocious enemy, and weened
Beneath their formidable cavalry
To trample down resistance. But there fought
Against them here, with Britons side by side,
The children of regenerate Portugal,
And their own crimes, and all-beholding Heaven.
Beaten, and hopeless thenceforth of success,
The inhuman Marshal, never to be named
By Lusitanian lips without a curse
Of clinging infamy, withdrew, and left
These Fountains famous for his overthrow.

Robert Southey.

Galicia.

THE DEVOTEE.

MID thy rock-bound shores, Galicia,
Lies a consecrated place,
Where the blessed Virgin Mother
Lavishes her stores of grace.
There for every wayworn wanderer
Gleams a friendly guiding star;
There a peaceful port is open
To the seaman, wrecked afar.

There, when tolls the bells at evening,
Vales and mountains echo round;
From the cities, from the cloisters,
All the bells send back the sound.
Then each angry, bursting billow
Sinks and dies along the shore,
And the boatman whispers, "Avé!"
Kneeling, with suspended oar.

On the day whose hallowed morning
Sees the Virgin heavenward soar,
There to meet, revealed in glory,
Him, the suffering Son she bore, —
Round her shrine, that festive morning,
Wonders manifold appear;
They who gaze on that bright image
Feel a holier presence near.

Banners of the cross, resplendent,
Through the fields are on their way;
Ships and boats, with painted streamers
Gayly fluttering, line the bay.
Up the rocky pathway climbing,
Rich-clad pilgrims wind along,
Till the mountain seems a ladder
Bearing up to heaven the throng.

In the rear, bedusted, barefoot,
Coarse-clad devotees are there,
Each with wan and wasted features,
Wrinkled hands and withered hair.
'Mongst the faithful in the temple
These may never linger more,
Ne'er again behold the altar, —
They must kneel without the door.

Who is he comes toiling yonder?
From his eye gleams wild despair;
In the breeze his white locks flutter,
Thinned with sorrow, age, and care.
From his wasted, trembling body
Hangs a black and galling chain;
Round each limb an iron fetter
Grinds the flesh with rending pain.

He, when hasty passion drove him
Once a brother's blood to spill,
Took the sword, and while 't was reeking,
Forged the chain that binds him still.

Homeless, hopeless, now he wanders, —
Seeks for peace, but seeks in vain;
Grace alone, a wonder working,
Can unbind the galling chain.

He may tread on soles of iron,
And, with naked, bony feet,
Wander day and night, but never
Find that peace, to man so sweet!
Not a saint looks down in pity,
When he shrieks his nightly prayer;
Not a shrine of heavenly mercy
Answers to his wild despair.

Up the rocky pathway climbing,
Near the door behold him now,
While the evening bell is tolling,
And the crowds in silence bow.
How he yearns the halls to enter,
Where the Virgin's image gleams,
As the western sun, descending,
Through each rich-stained window beams!

What a blaze of tranquil glory
Rests on meadow, sky, and shore!
Say, when heaven received the Virgin,
Closed she not the golden door?
Where yon rosy clouds are floating
Trace we still her path on high?
In the deep and tranquil azure
Mark we still her beaming eye?

Homeward throng the enraptured pilgrims;
One still lingers at the place,
Prostrate on the threshold lying,
With a pale and ashen face.
Rusty chains still fast around him,
There his quivering body lies;
But his soul, now free forever,
Floats in glory through the skies!

Johann Ludwig Uhland. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

Gibraltar.

GIBRALTAR.

ENGLAND, we love thee better than we know, —
And this I learned, when, after wanderings long
Mid people of another stock and tongue,
I heard again thy martial music blow,
And saw thy gallant children to and fro
Pace, keeping ward at one of those huge gates
Which, like twin-giants, watch the Herculean straits:
When first I came in sight of that brave show,
It made my very heart within me dance,
To think that thou thy proud foot shouldst advance
Forward so far into the mighty sea;
Joy was it and exultation to behold
Thine ancient standard's rich emblazonry,
A glorious picture by the wind unrolled.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

GIBRALTAR.

AND like a cloud of locusts, whom the South
Wafts from the plains of wasted Africa,
The Musselmen upon Iberia's shore
Descend. A countless multitude they came,
Syrian, Moor, Saracen, Greek renegade,
Persian and Copt and Tartar, in one bond
Of erring faith conjoined, strong in the youth
And heat of zeal, — a dreadful brotherhood,
In whom all turbulent vices were let loose;
While Conscience, with their impious creed accurst
Drunk as with wine, had sanctified to them
All bloody, all abominable things.

Thou, Calpe, saw'st their coming; ancient rock,
Renowned, no longer now shalt thou be called
From gods and heroes of the years of yore,
Kronos, or hundred-handed Briareus,
Bacchus or Hercules; but doomed to bear
The name of thy new conqueror, and thenceforth
To stand his everlasting monument.
Thou saw'st the dark-blue waters flash before
Their ominous way, and whiten round their keels;
Their swarthy myriads darkening o'er thy sands.
There on the beach the Misbelievers spread
Their banners, flaunting to the sun and breeze;
Fair shone the sun upon their proud array,
White turbans, glittering armor, shields engrailed

With gold, and cimeters of Syrian steel;
And gently did the breezes, as in sport,
Curl their long flags outrolling, and display
The blazoned scrolls of blasphemy. Too soon
The gales of Spain from that unhappy land
Wafted, as from an open charnel-house,
The taint of death; and that bright sun, from fields
Of slaughter, with the morning dew drew up
Corruption through the infected atmosphere.

Robert Southey.

THE STRAIT OF GIBRALTAR.

"LAND, ho!" how welcome was the voice,
Which bade, as forth its tidings went,
The deeps of sea and air rejoice
For a new element!

And lightly did our spirits leap!
Beautiful is the rise of Earth
Up from the bosom of the deep,
As at Creation's birth!

'T was land, — but no accustomed coast
That woke such feelings of delight;
For now, the wide Atlantic crossed,
The Old World met the sight.

The lofty ship went booming on,
With full sails swelling gloriously;
And, long before the day was gone,
There rose up near and high

Spain, — land of chivalry and romance, —
Whose maidens erst, with dark-bright eyes,
Looked down upon the splintered lance,
And gave the victor's prize.

Proud Spain, — which sent the Armada forth,
Magnificent but evil-starred,
Against an island of the north,
For whom the tempest warred.

Though once the mistress of the world,
Her far-off provinces Perus,
Before that island's flag unfurled
Doomed pomp and power to lose.

Where Andalusia's green hills slope,
The eye could just behold afar
The column — with the telescope —
Which stands on Trafalgar.

There last the Spanish ensign flew
In war, while nations thronged the sea,
Which Nelson's prowess overthrew
In his death-victory!

As fast we swept through Calpe's strait, —
A continent on either hand, —
We saw, like guardians of the gate,
The mountain-monsters stand.

While greenly swelled the Spanish shore,
Sunburnt and steep, upon the right,

Appeared the mountains of the Moor,
Bare with primeval blight.

And, far in the interior,
Old Atlas propped the leaning sky,
Wearing upon his shoulders hoar
A snowy drapery.

The sun set, — and an instant's shock
Told that the ship was anchored now
Within the shadow of the Rock, —
Beneath the Lion's brow!

Thus opening on that glooming sea,
Well seemed these walls the ends of earth:
Death and a dark eternity
Sublimely symbolled forth!

Ere to one eagle soul was given
The will — the wings — that deep to brave;
In the sun's path to find a heaven —
A New World — o'er the wave!

Retraced the path Columbus trod,
Our course was from the setting sun;
While all the visible works of God,
Though various else, had one, —

One westward and unwearying march:
The crownéd day, from morn till even;
From east to west, in night's great arch,
The starry host of heaven!

And aye, as Europe's lights grow dim,
May thine in the ascendant be,
I sing, as swells our martial hymn,
America, to thee!

William Gibson.

THE CASTLE OF AL WALED.

UPON Gibraltar's steep ascent there stands
A castled ruin, built when first the Moor
Crossed conqueror to the European shore, —
Dashed helméd knighthood by his turbaned bands.
No longer from its height the pile commands
The face of the colossal Rock; but tower
And gate and partial battlements, though hoar,
Are massive-standing; while the builders' hands
A thousand years ago were dust! The brunt
Of battle bearing, scores of shot and shell
Show the endurance in the old time wont.
What thronged romances in my bosom swell,
Once haughty fortress of the infidel,
O palpable millennium, front to front!

William Gibson.

GIBRALTAR.

HIGH on the rock that fronts the sea
Stands alone our fortress key,
Lady of the southern main,
Lady, too, of stately Spain.

Look which way her eye she bends,
Where'er she will her sway extends.
Free on air her banner thrown,
Half the world it calls its own.

Let her look upon the strand, —
Never was more lovely land:
Had her rule dominion there,
It were free as it is fair.

Let her look across the waves,
They are but her noblest slaves;
Sweeping north or south, they still
Bear around her wealth and will.

Siege and strife these walls have borne,
By the red artillery torn;
Human life has poured its tide
In the galleries at her side.

But the flag that o'er her blows,
Rival nor successor knows,
Lonely on the land and sea
Where it has been, it will be.

Safe upon her sea-beat rock,
She might brave an army's shock:
For the British banner keeps
Safe the fortress where it sweeps.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

Gormaz.

THE KNIGHT OF SAINT GEORGE.

I.

BEFORE Saint Stephen of Gormaz
Loud the brazen trumpets ring;
'T is where Ferdinand of Castile
Holds his camp, the valiant king!
Almanzor, the Moorish monarch,
From Cordova hastening down,
With a mighty host is marching,
To besiege the loyal town;
Armed already, firmly mounted,
Waits the proud Castilian band,
While through all the ranks, impatient,
Rides the gallant Ferdinand.
"Pascal Vivas! Pascal Vivas!
Pride of all the knightly race,
Wherefore, on the eve of battle,
Art thou wanting at thy place?
Thou, who once to arm wast foremost,
Foremost in the deadly fray,
Hear'st thou not the warlike trumpet,
And the battle-cry to-day?
While the Christian ranks are fighting,
Shall they vainly seek thine aid?
Shall thy well-won trophies wither,
And thy laurels droop and fade?"

Pascal Vivas cannot hear him,
In the distant forest glade;
Where Saint George's holy chapel
Stands beneath the ancient shade.
At the gate his steed is waiting,
There his spear and shield recline,
While the knight, in silence kneeling,
Prays before the sacred shrine;
Buried in a deep devotion,
Thinks not of the distant war,
As its rising din is echoing
Through the forest depths afar;
Marks not now his steed's loud neighing,
As the tumult strikes his ears;
But Saint George, his Patron, watches,
And the distant battle hears.
From the clouds the Saint descending
Dons the armor of the knight,
Mounts the gallant steed, impatient,
Hastens onward to the fight.
Flashing through the fray, triumphant,
As the lightning from the sky,
See, he grasps Almanzor's banner,
And the Moorish squadrons fly!
Pascal Vivas' prayers are ended,
Now he seeks the cloister gate,
Where, as when at first he left them,
Steed and spear and armor wait.
Thoughtful towards the camp he hastens,
And he marvels much to see,
That they come with shouts to greet him,

And the songs of victory:
"Pascal Vivas! Pascal Vivas!
Hail to Castile's noblest son,
Welcome to the valiant victor
Who Almanzor's banner won!"
Pascal Vivas vainly wonders,
Fain would still the festive cries,
Humbly bows his head in silence,
Points in silence to the skies!

II.

In her bower, the Donna Julia
Lingers at the close of day;
Fatiman, Almanzor's kinsman,
Comes and bears her thence away!
With his precious booty swiftly
Through the forest takes his flight,
Ten bold Moorish riders with him
Follow, armed for deadly fight.
On the second morning, early,
Now they gain the distant glade,
Where Saint George's holy chapel
Stands beneath the ancient shade.
In the distance, through the forest,
Well the sacred shrine is known,
By the Saint's proud form and lofty,
Sculptured in the solid stone,
As of old he fought the dragon,
Closing in the fatal shock,
While the princess waits in terror
Chained upon the cruel rock.

Weeping, and her fair hands wringing,
Donna Julia, at the sight,
Cries, "Saint George, thou heavenly warrior,
Save me from the dragon's might!"
See, from out the chapel springing,
On his steed he comes, the brave,
In the breeze his locks so golden,
And his crimson mantle wave.
Fatal is his spear's encounter,
Fatiman, the robber, dies, —
As of old the slaughtered dragon,
Bleeding on the earth he lies;
And his ten bold Moorish riders,
With a sudden, fearful cry,
Casting shields and lances from them,
Through the fatal forest fly.
On her knees, the Donna Julia
Scarce her weeping eyes can raise;
"Ah, Saint George! thou valiant savior,
Thine forever be the praise!"
But a second glance she ventures,
And though fearful still and faint,
Strangest sight of all, discovers,
Pascal Vivas is the Saint!

Johann Ludwig Uhland. Tr. W. A. Butler.

Granada.

THE LAMENTATION FOR CELIN.

AT the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are barred,
At twilight, at the Vega-gate, there is a trampling heard;
There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of woe! —
"What tower is fallen? what star is set? what chief come these bewailing?"
"A tower is fallen! a star is set! — Alas! alas for Celin!"

Three times they knock, three times they cry, — and wide the doors they throw;
Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go;
In gloomy lines they mustering stand beneath the hollow porch,
Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and flaming torch;
Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing, —
For all have heard the misery, — "Alas! alas for Celin!"

Him yesterday a Moor did slay, of Bencerrage's blood, —
'T was at the solemn jousting, — around the nobles stood;

The nobles of the land were by, and ladies bright and fair
Looked from their latticed windows, the haughty sight to share:
But now the nobles all lament, — the ladies are bewailing, —
For he was Granada's darling knight, — "Alas! alas for Celin!"

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,
With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitiful to view;
Behind him his four sisters, each wrapped in sable veil,
Between the tambour's dismal strokes take up their doleful tale;
When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brotherless bewailing,
And all the people, far and near, cry, — "Alas! alas for Celin!"

O, lovely lies he on the bier, above the purple pall,
The flower of all Granada's youth, the loveliest of them all!
His dark, dark eyes are closed, his rosy lip is pale,
The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his burnished mail;
And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks in upon their wailing, —
Its sound is like no earthly sound, — "Alas! alas for Celin!"

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands, — the Moor stands at his door;
One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weeping sore;

Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes black they strew
Upon their broidered garments, of crimson, green, and blue;
Before each gate the bier stands still, — then bursts the loud bewailing,
From door and lattice, high and low, — "Alas! alas for Celin!"

An old, old woman cometh forth, when she hears the people cry, —
Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazed eye;
'T was she that nursed him at her breast, — that nursed him long ago:
She knows not whom they all lament, but soon she well shall know!
With one deep shriek, she through doth break, when her ears receive their wailing, —
"Let me kiss my Celin, ere I die! — Alas! alas for Celin!"

Spanish Ballad. Tr. J. G. Lockhart.

THE BULL-FIGHT OF GAZUL.

KING ALMANZOR of Granada, he hath bid the trumpet sound,
He hath summoned all the Moorish lords from the hills and plains around;
From Vega and Sierra, from Betis and Xenil,
They have come with helm and cuirass of gold and twisted steel.

'T is the holy Baptist's feast they hold in royalty and state,
And they have closed the spacious lists, beside the Alhambra's gate;
In gowns of black with silver laced, within the tented ring,
Eight Moors to fight the bull are placed, in presence of the king.

Eight Moorish lords, of valor tried, with stalwart arm and true,
The onset of the beasts abide, as they come rushing through:
The deeds they 've done, the spoils they 've won, fill all with hope and trust;
Yet, ere high in heaven appears the sun, they all have bit the dust!

Then sounds the trumpet clearly, then clangs the loud tambour:
Make room, make room for Gazul! — throw wide, throw wide the door! —
Blow, blow the trumpet clearer still! more loudly strike the drum! —
The alcayde of Algava to fight the bull doth come.

And first before the king he passed, with reverence stooping low;
And next he bowed him to the queen, and the Infantas all a-row;
Then to his lady's grace he turned, and she to him did throw
A scarf from out her balcony was whiter than the snow.

With the life-blood of the slaughtered lords all slippery
is the sand,
Yet proudly in the centre hath Gazul ta'en his stand;
And ladies look with heaving breast, and lords with
anxious eye:
But firmly he extends his arm, — his look is calm and high.

Three bulls against the knight are loosed, and two come
roaring on:
He rises high in stirrup, forth stretching his *rejon;*
Each furious beast upon the breast he deals him such a
blow,
He blindly totters and gives back across the sand to go.

"Turn, Gazul, — turn!" the people cry: the third
comes up behind;
Low to the sand his head holds he, his nostrils snuff
the wind; —
The mountaineers that lead the steers without stand
whispering low,
"Now thinks this proud alcayde to stun Harpado so?"

From Guadiana comes he not, he comes not from Xenil,
From Guadalarif of the plain, or Barves of the hill;
But where from out the forest burst Xarama's waters
clear,
Beneath the oak-trees was he nursed, — this proud and
stately steer.

Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood within
doth boil,
And the dun hide glows, as if on fire, as he paws to
the turmoil:

His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal rings of
snow;
But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon
the foe.

Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand close and
near, —
From out the broad and wrinkled skull like daggers
they appear;
His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old, knotted
tree,
Whereon the monster's shagged mane, like billows
curled, ye see.

His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are
black as night,
Like a strong flail he holds his tail in fierceness of his
might;
Like something molten out of iron, or hewn from forth
the rock,
Harpado of Xarama stands, to bide the alcayde's shock.

Now stops the drum: close, close they come; thrice
meet, and thrice give back;
The white foam of Harpado lies on the charger's breast
of black, —
The white foam of the charger on Harpado's front of
dun;
Once more advance upon his lance, — once more, thou
fearless one!

Once more, once more! — in dust and gore to ruin must thou reel! —
In vain, in vain thou tearest the sand with furious heel! —
In vain, in vain, thou noble beast! — I see, I see thee stagger!
Now keen and cold thy neck must hold the stern alcayde's dagger!

They have slipped a noose around his feet, six horses are brought in,
And away they drag Harpado with a loud and joyful din.
Now stoop thee, lady, from thy stand, and the ring of price bestow
Upon Gazul of Algava, that hath laid Harpado low!

Spanish Ballad. Tr. J. G. Lockhart.

A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD

ON THE SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA, WHICH, IN THE ARABIC LANGUAGE, IS TO THE FOLLOWING PURPORT.

THE Moorish King rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell:

In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course;
Through the street of Zacatin
To the Alhambra spurring in.
Woe is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra walls he gained,
On the moment he ordained
That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And when the hollow drums of war
Beat the loud alarm afar,
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain;
Woe is me, Alhama!

Then the Moors, by this aware
That bloody Mars recalled them there,
One by one, and two by two,
To a mighty squadron grew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake an aged Moor
In these words the king before,
"Wherefore call on us, O King?
What may mean this gathering?"
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Friends! ye have, alas, to know
Of a most disastrous blow,
That the Christians, stern and bold,
Have obtained Alhama's hold."
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see,
"Good King! thou art justly served,
Good King! this thou hast deserved.
Woe is me, Alhama?

"By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;
And strangers were received by thee
Of Cordova, the Chivalry.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"And for this, O King! is sent
On thee a double chastisement;
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law;
And Granada must be won,
And thyself with her undone."
Woe is me, Alhama!

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's eyes,
The monarch's wrath began to rise

Because he answered, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of kings,"
Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish king, and doomed him dead.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Moor Alfaqui! Moor Alfaqui!
Though thy beard so hoary be,
The king hath sent to have thee seized,
For Alhama's loss displeased.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And to fix thy head upon
High Alhambra's loftiest stone;
That this for thee should be the law,
And others tremble when they saw.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Cavalier, and man of worth!
Let these words of mine go forth;
Let the Moorish monarch know
That to him I nothing owe.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"But on my soul Alhama weighs,
And on my inmost spirit preys;
And if the king his land hath lost,
Yet others may have lost the most.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Sires have lost their children, wives
Their lords, and valiant men their lives;
One what best his love might claim
Hath lost, another wealth or fame.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"I lost a damsel in that hour,
Of all the land the loveliest flower;
Doubloons a hundred I would pay,
And think her ransom cheap that day."
Woe is me, Alhama!

And as these things the old Moor said,
They severed from the trunk his head;
And to the Alhambra's wall with speed
'T was carried, as the king decreed.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And men and infants therein weep
Their loss, so heavy and so deep;
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls;
The king weeps as a woman o'er
His loss, for it is much and sore.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Spanish Ballad. Tr. Lord Byron.

AUTO DE LA FÉ AT GRANADA.

A TIMBER-FRAME, of fashion new and rare,
Which served a spacious scaffold high to raise,
Whereat Granada's cross-grained crowd made gaze,
Thronging through mist and rain the spongy Square;
Some fifty womankind, not chaste, nor fair,
Born of his race, of whom the Text-Book says,
Dry-shod he crossed the sea in Pharaoh's days;
A lawyer, — what strange quirks had brought him there? —
Two lewd ones; six blasphemers; one vile friar,
Who madly took, more madly broke, his vow;
Another blind as he, nor more worth pity;
Five effigies of dead men borne in show, —
One only sent alive, to feed the fire; —
Made up Faith's Stage-Play in Granada city.

Conde de Villamediana. Tr. E. Churton.

GRANADA.

QUEEN of kingdoms proud in story,
When thy lords of Paynim sway,
Zegries, Gomels, names of glory,
Muzas, Reduans, ruled the day:
Whose twin rivers evermore
Pour their unexhausted store;
One in beauty bathes thy towers,
One the peopled city scours:

Thou, whose ruins witness bear
What thy palmy splendors were,
Where the wondering victor now
Veils to thee his laurelled brow;
I am come, no painful suitor
To thy sages of the laws,
Not to bid some keen disputer
Make the worse the better cause;
No poor strife for land or fee
Draws my spellbound steps to thee:
But those Towers uplifted high,
Like the giant-king of yore,
Who Jove's azure-vaulted sky
On his patient shoulders bore:
And the Alhambra's guarded fort,
Kingly pile, and meet for kings,
Colonnade, and chequered Court,
Where the Lion-Fountain springs;
Where the pavement's ruddy stain
Tells the Zegri's hateful feud,
Where the Abencerrage was slain;
Still the record lives in blood.

Brighter chambers call me soon,
Audience-hall, and wide saloon,
Stage for Beauty's dark-eyed throng,
Frolic dance and mirth of song;
With sweet voice of waters round,
Heard with lulling, freshening sound,
Milk-white now in summer-flow,
Whiter yet in winter's snow;

Walls, by Sculpture's touch of power
Decked with clustering fruit or flower;
Greece, thy vaunted limners ne'er
Wrought in mazy wreaths so fair;
Fruits, whose semblance might prevail
To revive thy wondrous tale,
Cheating eager birds that fly,
Cheating man's calm reasoning eye.

Shall I leave the baths unseen,
Solace of the Moorish queen,
Solace of her ladies bright,
Met in evening's tender light?
Where on alabaster base
  Firm upheld, clear waters flow
Sparkling from their polished vase
  To the crystal pool below:
But the forms are gone, that played
Glancing through the mellow shade,
Or the beams, that fell subdued
On the foaming, sparkling flood.

But a holier summons calls
To thy Temple's massive walls,
Pile of beauty, stern and solemn,
  O'er the Mosque's old groundworks laid,
Pier, and arch, and stately column,
  Reared where once the Moslem prayed,
Where in majesty of stone
Nature yields by art outdone,
In the shafts of marble cold,

In the tall dome tricked with gold;
Where the flickering sunlight streaming,
Through the louvered vault at play,
Wears a glow more brightly beaming
Than the golden shafts of day;
Where the unfinished greatness more
Draws the gaze of wondering eyes,
Than the fane which Rome of yore
Reared to all her deities,
Or the pile of Eastern fame,
Mightiest that the world had seen,
Raised anew from felon flame
To the Ephesian Huntress-Queen.

Now the Tower hath caught my view;
Fair it springs through ether blue,
Chiming sweet with many a bell
From its airy citadel:
Fair the imperfect tiers, so fair,
That if mortals silent were,
Art might speak in tongues of stone,
Here a master's power was shewn.

But again I turn, and bending,
In the Royal Chauntry kneel,
On the sacred ground, defending
Those dear memories of Castille;
Isabel, Fernando, lying
Pale in marble, side by side,
Warrior Chief of fame undying,
Faithful Victory's dauntless bride.

Now thy studious bowers I see,
Learning's fruitful nursery:
Here are wights that can unfold
Mystic lore of sages old;
Gray Bartolo, Avicen,
Wizards, who outwatched the moon,
Clerks of never-wearied pen,
Here might own their spells outdone:
Here are wranglers for degees,
Who have mastered quite and clean
Galen and Hippocrates,
Thomas wise, and Scotus keen:
Here the famous College stands,
Thronged by Wisdom's reverend forms,
Rivals of the thirsty bands
By the Henares or the Tormes;
Crimson Hoods, well trained to guide
Universities and schools,
Courts, where sharpest wits are tried,
Chairs, where holiest Reason rules.

Now I stand on hallowed ground
In the Convent's narrow round,
Where old Jerome's brethren shew
Thy brave tomb, brave Gonzalo;
Where thy old heroic bones,
Hearsed beneath the pavement stones,
Wait till Heaven shall wake the clay
From the bondage of decay.
Let me boast thy dear renown,
Glory of my native town,

Cordova's unrivalled knight:
Where thy banner led the fight,
Frenchman's sword made idle war,
Vain was Moorish scimitar;
For thy arms were Victory's own,
Battered oft, but ne'er o'erthrown.
Witness bear each warlike token,
Helms, whose din in battle rung,
Turbans cleft, and targes broken,
Blazoned banners, high uphung,
Spoils of fields, where fiercely banded
Fiery Turk and Tartar stood;
Or where peers of France commanded,
Heirs of Roland's knightly blood;
Spoils of foes that swarmed in galleys
O'er the surging Eastern Sea,
Or came down from Alpine valleys
But to yield new wreaths to thee.

Now the Albaizin steep I climb,
Mindful of the dangerous time
When false Moors, with rebel cry,
Clamored, "Let Ximenes die."
Calm as death amidst the brawl
Stood the fearless Cardinal.
Still is now the tumult's roar;
Like a stranded wreck on shore,
From whose hulk all life is gone,
Stands the fort in ruin lone.
But, below the heights I tread,
Lies the Vega's champaign-ground,

Like a garden wide outspread,
With its wall of mountains round:
Peaceful scene! how calm and fair!
Peaceful now; but here of yore
Battles raged that would not spare
Christian bold and stubborn Moor.

Lo! the pleasant Generalife;
Tier on tier, green alleys rise,
Bowers of never fading leaf,
Like the groves of paradise;
Royal myrtle, cypress tall,
Where nice hands, in many a shade,
Sportful skill o'ermastering all,
Many a wanton freak have played;
Shrubs, like masted ships, so true,
That they seem to gazer's eye,
If the breeze more strongly blew
Prompt to spread their sails and fly.

Now the vine-clad farms I mark,
Bright in bowering foliage dark,
Lining banks where Darro wanders,
Gay as silk from loom of Flanders:
Where the graceful poplar pale,
Gently wooed by western gale,
Moves its tufts of silver sheen
Mixed with willow's emerald green;
And the fruit-trees intertwined
Seem in sport to change their kind;
Such a tangled mass they shew,
Scarce the boughs their parent know.

Lo! through Dinadamar flowing
Rills are murmuring: high o'erspread
Towering plants their branches throwing
Veil the secret water's head;
Veil the roots and trunks upspringing
Round the dewy marge, whose screen
Choirs of birds, their carols singing,
Fill with music's power unseen.
Lo! Jaragui's verdant valleys,
Where the unfailing sweetness roves,
Breathed from Spring's fresh flowery chalice,
Breathed from Autumn's citron-groves:
Tissues there of Flora's twining
India's threads of gold might shame;
Strewn with April's gems, outshining
Emerald rays or ruby's flame.

Have I told thy wonders all,
Seat of glory ancestral?
Are thy charms departed? No!
Could thy Paynim beauties shew
Face so fair, or glance so bright,
Step in mazy dance so light,
As the forms that linger still
Round thy old enchanted hill?
Such might tread the courts above,
Where the golden seraphs move.
Genil, boast; thy snowy wave
Ebro's beauties may outbrave,
Or the shepherd-maids whose bands
Sport on Tayo's ruddy sands.

And their words are so discreet,
Breathed in tones so low and sweet,
That the reasoning speech, that flows
From within those pearly rows,
Nectar seems, which Graces brew,
Steeped in Love's own honey-dew.

These, fair seat, thy glories are,
Heralded by Fame afar,
From the realm which Douro laves
To Hydaspes' Eastern waves.
For thou art Granada, thou
Brightest gem on Moslem brow,
Brightest wreath by Christian won,
Brightest shade of greatness gone.
And thou art Granada, where
Forms of beauty heavenly fair
Make thy evening splendor seem
Brighter than thy morning beam.
Greater ne'er to light upsprung,
Since the World and Time were young.

Luis de Góngora. Tr. E. Churton.

THE MONTE SANTO AT GRANADA.

BEHOLD this mount with beaming crosses crowned,
Like Mongibel or Etna through the night
It burns, but with a holier, softer light,
A light to comfort, not a fire to wound;
Faith rears her trophies here on sacred ground,
Not like those piles upheaved in heaven's despite,

Beneath whose wrecks, as fabling poets write,
Groaning and crushed the giant brood lies bound.
Yet giants here too rest; these caverns rude
Confine their forms; whose holy force made head
Against high heaven, and heaven at will subdued;
Here o'er their hallowed bones meek pilgrims tread;
If tears be thine, check not the gracious mood,
And with soft steps revere the mighty dead.

Luis de Góngora. Tr. E. Churton.

THE MULETEERS OF GRANADA.

O THE joys of our evening posada,
Where, resting at close of day,
We, young muleteers of Granada,
Sit and sing the sunshine away;
So merry that even the slumbers,
That round us hung, seem gone:
Till the lute's soft drowsy numbers
Again beguile them on.
O the joys of our merry posada,
Where, resting at close of day,
We, young muleteers of Granada,
Thus sing the gay moments away.

Then as each to his loved sultana
In sleep still breathes the sigh,
The name of some black-eyed Tirana
Escapes our lips as we lie.
Till, with morning's rosy twinkle,
Again we 're up and gone, —

While the mule-bell's drowsy tinkle
Beguiles the rough way on.
O, the joys, etc.

Thomas Moore.

THE ALHAMBRA.

PALACE of beauty! where the Moorish lord,
King of the bow, the bridle, and the sword,
Sat like a genie in the diamond's blaze.
O, to have seen thee in the ancient days,
When at thy morning gates the coursers stood,
The "thousand" milk-white, Yemen's fiery blood,
In pearl and ruby harnessed for the king;
And through thy portals poured the gorgeous flood
Of jewelled sheik and emir, hastening,
Before the sky the dawning purple showed,
Their turbans at the caliph's feet to fling.
Lovely thy morn, thy evening lovelier still
When at the waking of the first blue star
That trembled on the Atalaya hill,
The splendors of the trumpet's voice arose,
Brilliant and bold, and yet no sound of war;
But summoning thy beauty from repose,
The shaded slumber of the burning noon.
Then in the slant sun all thy fountains shone,
Shooting the sparkling column from the vase
Of crystal cool, and falling in a haze
Of rainbow hues on floors of porphyry,
And the rich bordering beds of every bloom
That breathes to African or Indian sky,
Carnation, tuberose, thick anemone;

Then was the harping of the minstrels heard,
In the deep arbors, or the regal hall,
Hushing the tumult of the festival,
When the pale bard his kindling eyeball reared,
And told of Eastern glories, silken hosts,
Towered elephants, and chiefs in topaz armed;
Or of the myriads from the cloudy coasts
Of the far Western sea, the sons of blood,
The iron men of tournament and feud,
That round the bulwarks of their fathers swarmed,
Doomed by the Moslem scimitar to fall;
Till the Red Cross was hurled from Salem's wall.
Where are thy pomps, Alhambra, earthly sun
That had no rival, and no second? — gone!
Thy glory down the arch of time has rolled,
Like the great day-star to the ocean dim,
The billows of the ages o'er thee swim,
Gloomy and fathomless; thy tale is told.
Where is thy horn of battle, that but blown
Brought every chief of Afric from his throne,
Brought every spear of Afric from the wall,
Brought every charger barded from the stall,
Till all its tribes sat mounted on the shore,
Waiting the waving of thy torch to pour
The living deluge on the fields of Spain?
Queen of earth's loveliness, there was a stain
Upon thy brow, — the stain of guilt and gore;
Thy course was bright, bold, treacherous, and 't is o'er.
The spear and diadem are from thee gone;
Silence is now sole monarch of thy throne!

George Croly.

THE ALHAMBRA.

LONELY and still are now thy marble halls,
Thou fair Alhambra! there the feast is o'er;
And with the murmur of thy fountain falls
Blend the wild tones of minstrelsy no more.

Hushed are the voices that in years gone by
Have mourned, exulted, menaced, through thy towers;
Within thy pillared courts the grass waves high,
And all uncultured bloom thy fairy bowers.

Unheeded there the flowering myrtle blows,
Through tall arcades unmarked the sunbeam smiles,
And many a tint of softened brilliance throws
O'er fretted walls and shining peristyles.

And well might Fancy deem thy fabrics lone,
So vast, so silent, and so wildly fair,
Some charmed abode of beings all unknown,
Powerful and viewless, children of the air.

For there no footstep treads the enchanted ground,
There not a sound the deep repose pervades,
Save winds and founts, diffusing freshness round,
Through the light domes and graceful colonnades.

Far other tones have swelled those courts along
In days romance yet fondly loves to trace,—
The clash of arms, the voice of choral song,
The revels, combats of a vanished race.

And yet awhile, at Fancy's potent call,
Shall rise that race, the chivalrous, the bold;
Peopling once more each fair forsaken hall
With stately forms, the knights and chiefs of old.

Felicia Hemans.

THE ALHAMBRA.

COEVAL with Granada's state
The proud Alhambra hath its date;
Founded by him, the first and best
That there the royal name possessed:
At once a palace and a fort, —
The monarch's stronghold and his court,
Though ruthless war and vandal hands
And wasting time and Frankish bands
Have done their wonted work, yet still
It rises o'er Granada's hill,
And from its height looks proudly down, —
The guard and glory of the town.
But there no more in splendor reign
The sons of those who conquered Spain,
And there no more do turbaned hosts
Ride forth to silence Christian boasts,
And there no more at close of day
The children of the prophet pray.
The courts in which they knelt to God
By Moslem feet are now untrod;
And from the battlements on high,
No more doth Moslem standard fly,
And proudly Christian strength defy.

* * *

Though high doth rise the Alhambra's hill,
A neighboring summit, higher still,
Adorned with terraces and bowers,
Looks down upon its ruddy towers.

* * *

Above, a winding path doth creep
To the high summit of the steep.
O Heaven! how beautiful and fair
The scene that greets the eye from there!
A lovely plain lies spread below,
Girdled by mountains crowned with snow;
Its surface like an emerald gleams,
Bright with a thousand silver streams;
And countless gardens, groves, and bowers,
And fields and foliage, fruits and flowers,
Fill the beholder with delight,
A very Eden to the sight.
There the pomegranate, tinged with red,
Its flowering branches wide doth spread;
The myrtle, fadeless there, perfumes
The gardens where the almond blooms;
Beside the olive's dusky green,
The citron and the fig are seen;
The golden orange scents the air,
And vines their luscious clusters bear;
And the rose, the queen of flowers,
Flourishes amid the bowers:
If earth contains a paradise,
It is beneath Granada's skies.

M. Sabiston.

THE VEGA.

MANY a league from end to end
That lovely vega doth extend;
Many a mile from side to side
Its fair expanse doth open wide,
Engirt by mountain walls that bound
The glorious landscape spread around,
Which, canopied by cloudless skies,
A scene of matchless beauty lies,
Where Nature hath with lavish hand
Strewed all the gifts at her command,
And fruits and flowers of every clime
Spontaneous revel in their prime,
And all around, below, above,
Seems formed for beauty, peace, and love.
Alas that ever ruthless war
So fair a spot of earth should mar,
Or that an Eden such as this
Should witness aught but scenes of bliss!
Here, where a thousand fragrant flowers
Adorn the shady, vine-clad bowers;
Here, where the nightingale's soft note
Doth on the perfumed zephyr float,
And where the lover's lute alone
Should breathe the only passion known.
Yet of the vega not a rood
But hath been drenched with Moorish blood,
Nor is there rock or height around
That hath not rung with battle's sound.

The last of that heroic race
Here made their chosen dwelling-place,
And here, for centuries, defied
Their ancient foemen's strength and pride.
Many and many a time again
Had Christians sought to reach that plain,
And found their utmost efforts vain;
And many a valiant man lay dead
Before their tents were on it spread.
But discord brought the unhappy hour
Deprived the Moslem arm of power;
The fatal issue, long forecast,
In common ruin came at last.

M. Sabiston.

THE ALHAMBRA.

COME to my bidding, gentle damsels fair,
That haunt the banks of Darro and Genil!
Come, crowned with roses in your fragrant hair,
More fresh and pure than April balms distil!

With long, dark locks adown your shoulders straying;
With eyes of fire, and lips of honeyed power;
Uncinctured robes, the bosom bare displaying,
Let songs of love escort me to the bower.

With love resounds the murmur of the stream;
With love the nightingale awakes the grove;
O'er wood and mountain love inspires the theme,
And Earth and Heaven repeat the strain of love.

Even there where, midst the Alcazar's Moorish pride
Three centuries of ruin sleep profound,
From marble walls, with gold diversified,
The sullen echoes murmur love around.

Where are its glories now? — the pomps, the charms,
The triumph, the emprise of proud display,
The song, the dance, the feast, the deeds of arms,
The gardens, baths, and fountains, — where are they?

Round jasper columns thorns and ivy creep;
Where roses blossomed, brambles now o'erspread:
The mournful ruins bid the spirit weep;
The broken fragments stay the passing tread.

Ye nymphs of Darro! to my words give heed;
Behold how transient pride and glory prove;
Then, while the headlong moments urge their speed,
Taste happiness, and try the joys of love.

Francisco Martinez de la Rosa. Tr. Anon.

THE CATHEDRAL.

HOW reverend is the face of this tall pile
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight. The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart!

William Congreve.

Guadalete, the River.

THE LAMENTATION OF DON RODERICK.

BELOW the Cartuja [Carthusian convent of Xerez] rolls the Guadalete. A small hill, called *El Real de Don Rodrigo*, marks the head-quarters of the last of the Goths; here the battle was terminated which put an end to his dynasty. — MURRAY'S *Handbook of Spain.*

THE hosts of Don Rodrigo were scattered in dismay,
When lost was the eighth battle, nor heart nor hope had they; —
He, when he saw that field was lost, and all his hope was flown,
He turned him from his flying host, and took his way alone.

His horse was bleeding, blind, and lame, — he could no farther go;
Dismounted, without path or aim, the King stepped to and fro;
It was a sight of pity to look on Roderick,
For, sore athirst and hungry, he staggered faint and sick.

All stained and strewed with dust and blood, like to some smouldering brand
Plucked from the flame Rodrigo shewed; — his sword was in his hand,
But it was hacked into a saw of dark and purple tint;
His jewelled mail had many a flaw, his helmet many a dint.

He climbed unto a hilltop, the highest he could see,
Thence all about of that wide route his last long look took he;
He saw his royal banners, where they lay drenched and torn,
He heard the cry of victory, the Arab's shout of scorn.

He looked for the brave captains that had led the hosts of Spain,
But all were fled except the dead, and who could count the slain!
Where'er his eye could wander, all bloody was the plain,
And while thus he said, the tears he shed run down his cheeks like rain: —

"Last night I was the King of Spain, to-day no king am I;
Last night fair castles held my train, to-night where shall I lie?
Last night a hundred pages did serve me on the knee?
To-night not one I call mine own, — not one pertains to me.

"O, luckless, luckless was the hour, and cursed was the day,
When I was born to have the power of this great signiory!
Unhappy me, that I should see the sun go down to-night!
O Death, why now so slow art thou, why fearest thou to smite?"

Spanish Ballad. Tr. J. G. Lockhart.

Guadalhorce, the River.

THE GUADALHORCE.

ON the green margin of the land
Where Guadalhorce winds his way,
My lady lay:
With golden key Sleep's gentle hand
Had closed her eyes so bright, —
Her eyes two suns of light, —
And bade his balmy dews
Her rosy cheeks suffuse.

The river god in slumber saw her laid:
He raised his dripping head,
With weeds o'erspread,
Clad in his watery robes approached the maid,
And with cold kiss, like death,
Drank the rich perfume of the maiden's breath.

The maiden felt that icy kiss;
Her suns unclosed, their flame
Full and unclouded on the intruder came.
Amazed the intruder felt
His frothy body melt,
And heard the radiance on his bosom hiss;
And, forced in blind confusion to retire,
Leaped in the water to escape the fire.

From the Spanish. Tr. Anon.

THE LOVER'S ROCK.

THE maiden, through the favoring night,
From Granada took her flight;
She bade her father's house farewell,
And fled away with Manuel.

No Moorish maid might hope to vie
With Laila's cheek or Laila's eye;
No maiden loved with purer truth,
Or ever loved a lovelier youth.

In fear they fled, across the plain,
The father's wrath, the captive's chain;
In hope to Seville on they flee,
To peace and love and liberty.

Chiuma they have left; and now,
Beneath a precipice's brow,
Where Guadalhorce winds its way,
There in the shade awhile they lay.

For now the sun was near its height,
And she was weary with her flight;
She laid her head on Manuel's breast,
And pleasant was the maiden's rest.

While thus the lovely Laila slept,
A fearful watch young Manuel kept;
Alas! her father and his train
He sees come speeding o'er the plain.

The maiden started from her sleep;
They sought for refuge up the steep;
To scale the precipice's brow
Their only hope of safety now.

But them the angry father sees;
With voice and arm he menaces;
And now the Moors approach the steep:
Loud are his curses, loud and deep.

Then Manuel's heart grew wild with woe:
He loosened stones, and rolled below;
He loosened crags; for Manuel strove
For life and liberty and love.

The ascent was perilous and high;
The Moors they durst not venture nigh:
The fugitives stood safely there;
They stood in safety and despair.

The Moorish chief unmoved could see
His daughter bend her suppliant knee;
He heard his child for pardon plead,
And swore the offenders both should bleed.

He bade the archers bend the bow,
And make the Christian fall below;
He bade the archers aim the dart,
And pierce the maid's apostate heart.

The archers aimed their arrows there;
She clasped young Manuel in despair:

"Death, Manuel, shall set us free!
Then leap below, and die with me."

He clasped her close, and cried, "Farewell!"
In one another's arms they fell;
And, falling o'er the rock's steep side,
In one another's arms they died.

And side by side they there are laid,
The Christian youth and Moorish maid;
But never cross was planted there,
Because they perished for despair.

Yet every Moorish maid can tell
Where Laila lies, who loved so well;
And every youth who passes there
Says for Manuel's soul a prayer.

Robert Southey.

Guadalquivir, the River.

THE BANKS OF GUADALQUIVIR.

I SAW at dawn a vision rare,
A maiden as the morning fair,
Who sate and dressed her golden hair
On the banks of Guadalquivir.

Her hand, as through her locks it strayed,
While with her ivory comb she played,
Threw the white ivory into shade,
On the banks of Guadalquivir.

What wonder? April ne'er could show
Such whiteness in the blooms that blow,
Where all his laughing lilies grow,
That fringe the crystal river.

The little birds in joyous throng
Sang o'er again their morning song
To that new sun; nor were they wrong
Such glad salute to give her:

For why? The Sun well pleased had paid
A thousand rays for one bright braid
Like those his envious glance surveyed
On the banks of Guadalquivir.

Luis de Góngora. Tr. E. Churton.

TO THE GUADALQUIVIR.

LORD of the subject floods, so strong, so fair,
Bright heir of fame, of waters crystalline,
Whose brows a garland rude of sturdy pine
Hath girdled, and thy wavy-streaming hair;
Where from thy rock-built nest in cavern bare
Thou leavest cold Segura's mountain-side,

And, proudly foaming, royally dost ride
To Andalusian vales and summer air:
Tell me, while on thy fruitful banks I stray,
Rapt with thy wondrous beauty, yet with awe,
That bids my feet thy bright sands softly press,
Of all the village-maidens fair as day,
Imaged in thee, if e'er thy waters saw
A grace to vie with Clara's loveliness.

Luis de Góngora. Tr. E. Churton.

THE DYING WARRIOR.

THE stars looked down on the battle-plain,
Where the night-winds were deeply sighing,
And with shattered lance, near his war-steed slain,
Lay a youthful warrior dying.

He had folded around his gallant breast
The banner, once o'er him streaming,
For a noble shroud, as he sunk to rest
On the couch that knows no dreaming.

Proudly he lay on his broken shield,
By the rushing Guadalquivir,
While, dark with the blood of his last red field,
Swept on the majestic river.

There were hands that came to bind his wound,
There were eyes o'er the warrior weeping;

But he raised his head from the dewy ground,
Where the land's hearts were sleeping.

And "Away!" he cried, "your aid is vain,
My soul may not brook recalling:
I have seen the stately flower of Spain
Like autumn vine-leaves falling.

"I have seen the Moorish banners wave
O'er the halls where my youth was cherished;
I have drawn a sword that could not save;
I have stood where my king hath perished.

"Leave me to die, with the free and the brave,
On the banks of my own bright river;
Ye can give me naught but a warrior's grave
By the chainless Guadalquivir."

Anonymous.

FIDELITY.

ONE eve of beauty, when the sun
Was on the streams of Guadalquivir,
To gold converting, one by one,
The ripples of the mighty river,
Beside me on the bank was seated
A Seville girl, with auburn hair,
And eyes that might the world have cheated, —
A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair!

She stooped, and wrote upon the sand,
Just as the loving sun was going,
With such a soft, small, shining hand,
I could have sworn 't was silver flowing.
Her words were three, and not one more, —
What could Diana's motto be?
The siren wrote upon the shore, —
"Death, not inconstancy!"

And then her two large, languid eyes
So turned on mine, that, devil take me!
I set the air on fire with sighs,
And was the fool she chose to make me.
Saint Francis would have been deceived
With such an eye and such a hand;
But one week more, and I believed
As much the woman as the sand.

From the Spanish. Tr. Anon.

Guadarrama, the Mountains.

GUADARRAMA PASS.

VICTORIAN. This is the highest point. Here let us rest.
See, Preciosa, see how all about us
Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty mountains

Receive the benediction of the sun!
O glorious sight!

PRECIOSA. Most beautiful indeed!

HYPOLITO. Most wonderful!

VICT. And in the vale below,
Where yonder steeples flash like lifted halberds,
San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries,
Sends up a salutation to the morn,
As if an army smote their brazen shields,
And shouted victory!

PREC. And which way lies Segovia?

VICT. At a great distance yonder.
Dost thou not see it?

PREC. No. I do not see it.

VICT. The merest flaw that dents the horizon's edge.
There, yonder!

HYP. 'T is a notable old town,
Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct,
And an Alcázar, builded by the Moors,
Wherein, you may remember, poor Gil Blas
Was fed on *Pan del Rey*. O, many a time
Out of its grated windows have I looked
Hundreds of feet plumb down to the Eresma,
That, like a serpent through the valley creeping,
Glides at its foot.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Guadiana, the River.

THE GUADIANA.

BUT ere the mingling bounds have far been passed,
Dark Guadiana rolls his power along
In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,
So noted ancient roundelays among.
Whilome upon his banks did legions throng
Of Moor and Knight, in mailed splendor drest;
Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk the strong;
The Paynim turban and the Christian crest
Mixed on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts oppressed.

Lord Byron.

Guernica.

THE OAK OF GUERNICA.

THE ancient oak of Guernica, says Laborde in his account of Biscay, is a most venerable natural monument. Ferdinand and Isabella, in the year 1476, after hearing mass in the church of Santa Maria de la Antigua, repaired to this tree, under which they swore to the Biscayans to maintain their *fueros* (municipal laws). This tree was cut down by the French in 1808.

OAK of Guernica! Tree of holier power
Than that which in Dodona did enshrine
(So faith too fondly deemed) a voice divine,

Heard from the depths of its aerial bower,
How canst thou flourish at this blighting hour?
What hope, what joy, can sunshine bring to thee,
Or the soft breezes from the Atlantic sea,
The dews of morn, or April's tender shower?
Stroke merciful and welcome would that be
Which should extend thy branches on the ground,
If nevermore within their shady round
Those lofty-minded lawgivers shall meet,
Peasant and lord, in their appointed seat,
Guardians of Biscay's ancient liberty.

William Wordsworth.

Irun.

THE CLOCK.

"Vulnerant omnes, ultima necat."

OF great, gray stones is built this structure poor,
No sculptured angels do the eye allure,
Nor rib nor frieze is here to decorate,
But just a clock with wooden dial-plate,
Whose Roman letters, sponged by rain so much,
O'errun a face which undergoes no touch.
The eye, by chance, upon the dial falls;
Like words of flame upon Belshazzar's walls,
Like the inscription on the door accurst,
This phrase, black-lettered, on the sight will burst, —
Four solemn words, four words of Latin state, —

And all in passing here may read their fate:
"Each hour doth wound us, and the last doth slay!"
Yes, life is truceless warfare day by day,
Unequal warfare with an ambushed foe,
One still untouched by our most skilful blow;
As in a target, in our riddled hearts
Quiver the unseen archer's hurléd darts.
Condemned we are, — all, all of us must die,
And death begins with life's beginning sigh.

Théophile Gautier. Tr. F. C. Bates.

Italica.

THE RUINS OF ITALICA.

FABIUS, this region, desolate and drear,
These solitary fields, this shapeless mound,
Were once Italica, the far-renowned;
For Scipio, the mighty, planted here
His conquering colony, and now, o'erthrown,
Lie its once dreaded walls of massive stone.
Sad relics, sad and vain,
Of those invincible men
Who held the region then.
Funereal memories alone remain
Where forms of high example walked of yore.
Here lay the forum, there arose the fane,
The eye beholds their places and no more.

Their proud gymnasium and their sumptuous baths,
Resolved to dust and cinders, strew the paths.
Their towers, that looked defiance at the sky,
Fallen by their own vast weight, in fragments lie.

This broken circus, where the rock weeds climb,
  Flaunting with yellow blossoms, and defy
  The gods to whom its walls were piled so high,
Is now a tragic theatre, where Time
Acts his great fable, spreads a stage that shows
Past grandeur's story and its dreary close.
    Why, round this desert pit,
    Shout not the applauding rows
    Where the great people sit?
Wild beasts are here, but where the combatant,
  With his bare arms, the strong athleta where?
All have departed from this once gay haunt
  Of noisy crowds, and silence holds the air.
Yet on this spot Time gives us to behold
A spectacle as stern as those of old.
As dreamily I gaze, there seem to rise,
From all the mighty ruin, wailing cries.

The terrible in war, the pride of Spain,
  Trajan, his country's father, here was born;
Good, fortunate, triumphant, to whose reign
  Submitted the far regions, where the morn
Rose from her cradle, and the shore whose steeps
O'erlooked the conquered Gaditanian deeps.
    Of mighty Adrian here,
    Of Theodosius, saint,
    Of Silius, Virgil's peer,

Were rocked the cradles, rich with gold, and quaint
With ivory carvings; here were laurel boughs
And sprays of jasmine gathered for their brows
From gardens now a marshy, thorny waste.
Where rose the palace, reared for Cæsar, yawn
Foul rifts, to which the scudding lizards haste.
Palaces, gardens, Cæsars, all are gone,
And even the stones their names were graven on.

Fabius, if tears prevent thee not, survey
The long dismantled streets, so thronged of old,
The broken marbles, arches in decay,
Proud statues, toppled from their place and rolled
In dust, when Nemesis, the avenger, came,
And buried, in forgetfulness profound,
The owners and their fame.
Thus Troy, I deem, must be,
With many a mouldering mound;
And thou, whose name alone remains to thee,
Rome, of old gods and kings the native ground;
And thou, sage Athens, built by Pallas, whom
Just laws redeemed not from the appointed doom.
The envy of earth's cities once wert thou, —
A weary solitude and ashes now.
For fate and death respect ye not: they strike
The mighty city and the wise alike.

But why goes forth the wandering thought to frame
New themes of sorrow, sought in distant lands?
Enough the example that before me stands;
For here are smoke-wreaths seen, and glimmering flame,

And hoarse lamentings on the breezes die;
So doth the mighty ruin cast its spell
On those who near it dwell.
And under night's still sky,
As awestruck peasants tell,
A melancholy voice is heard to cry,
"Italica is fallen"; the echoes then
Mournfully shout, "Italica" again.
The leafy alleys of the forest nigh
Murmur "Italica," and all around,
A troop of mighty shadows, at the sound
Of that illustrious name, repeat the call,
"Italica!" from ruined tower and wall.

Francisco de Rioja. Tr. W. C. Bryant.

Leon.

LEON.

A WEARY traveller now
I journey o'er the desert mountain track
Of Leon: wilds all drear and comfortless,
Where the gray lizards in the noontide sun,
Sport on their rocks, and where the goatherd starts,
Roused from his midnight sleep, and shakes to hear
The wolf's loud yell, and falters as he calls
On saints to save.

Robert Southey.

MARCH OF BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

WITH three thousand men of Leon, from the city
Bernard goes,
To protect the soil Hispanian from the spear of Frankish
foes;
From the city which is planted in the midst between
the seas,
To preserve the name and glory of old Pelayo's victories.

The peasant hears upon his field the trumpet of the
knight,
He quits his team for spear and shield, and garniture
of might;
The shepherd hears it mid the mist, — he flingeth down
his crook,
And rushes from the mountain like a tempest-troubled
brook.

The youth who shows a maiden's chin, whose brows
have ne'er been bound
The helmet's heavy ring within, gains manhood from
the sound;
The hoary sire beside the fire forgets his feebleness,
Once more to feel the cap of steel a warrior's ring-
lets press.

As through the glen his spears did gleam, these sol-
diers from the hills,
They swelled his host, as mountain-stream receives the
roaring rills;

They round his banner flocked, in scorn of haughty
Charlemagne,
And thus upon their swords are sworn the faithful
sons of Spain.

"Free were we born," 't is thus they cry, "though
to our King we owe
The homage and the fealty behind his crest to go;
By God's behest our aid he shares, but God did ne'er
command
That we should leave our children heirs of an enslaved
land.

"Our breasts are not so timorous, nor are our arms so
weak,
Nor are our veins so bloodless, that we our vow should
break,
To sell our freedom for the fear of Prince or Paladin,—
At least we 'll sell our birthright dear, no bloodless
prize they 'll win.

"At least King Charles, if God decrees he must be
lord of Spain,
Shall witness that the Leonese were not aroused in vain;
He shall bear witness that we died as lived our sires
of old,
Nor only of Numantium's pride shall minstrel tales be
told.

'The Lion that hath bathed his paws in seas of Lybian
gore,
Shall he not battle for the laws and liberties of yore?

Anointed cravens may give gold to whom it likes them well,
But steadfast heart and spirit bold Alphonso ne'er shall sell."

Spanish Ballad. Tr. J. G. Lockhart.

Lerida (*Ilerda*).

ILERDA.

WHERE rising grounds the fruitful champaign end,
And unperceived by soft degrees ascend,
An ancient race their city chose to found,
And with Ilerda's walls the summit crowned.
The Sicoris, of no ignoble name,
Fast by the mountain pours his gentle stream.
A stable bridge runs cross from side to side,
Whose spacious arch transmits the passing tide,
And jutting piers the wintry floods abide.
Two neighboring hills their heads distinguished raise:
The first great Pompey's ensigns high displays;
Proud Cæsar's camp upon the next is seen;
The river interposing glides between.
Wide spread beyond, an ample plain extends,
Far as the piercing eye its prospect sends:
Upon the spacious level's utmost bound,
The Cinga rolls his rapid waves around.
But soon in full Iberus' channel lost,
His blended waters seek Iberia's coast;
He yields to the superior torrent's fame,
And with the country takes his nobler name.

Lucan. Tr. Nicholas Rowe.

Lugares.

LUGARES.

ANOTHER mountain yet! I thought this brow
Had surely been the summit; but they rise
Hill above hill, amid the incumbent skies,
And mock my labor. What a giddy height!
The roar of yonder stream that foams below
Meets but at fits mine ear: ah me! my sight
Shrinks from this upward toil, and, sore opprest,
Sad I bethink me of my home of rest.
Such is the lot of man. Up life's steep road
Painful he drags, beguiling the long way
With many a vain thought on the future day
With Peace to sojourn in her calm abode.
Poor fool of hope! that hour will never come
Till time and care have led thee to the tomb.

Robert Southey.

Madrid.

THE CAPTIVITY OF FRANCIS THE FIRST.

WHEN the king, from France departing,
Other lands to conquer sought,
'T was at Pavia he was taken,
By the wily Spaniard caught.

"Yield thee, yield thee straight, King Francis,
Death or prison is your lot."
"Wherefore call you me King Francis?
Such a monarch know I not."

Then the Spaniards raised his mantle,
And they saw the fleur-de-lys;
They have chained him, and, full joyous,
Bore him to captivity.

In a tower where sun nor moon light
Came but by a window small,
There he lies, and as he gazes
Sees a courier pass the wall.

"Courier! who art letters bringing,
Tell me what in France is said?"
"Ah! my news is sad and heavy,
For the king is ta'en or dead."

"Back with speed, O courier, hasten,—
Haste to Paris back with speed,
To my wife and little children;
Bid them help me at my need.

"Bid them coin new gold and silver,
All that Paris has to bring,
And send here a heap of treasure,
To redeem the captive king."

From the French. Tr. L. S. Costello.

THE GROWTH OF MADRID.

THE Nile endures no shores; Madrid no walls:
Mark, stranger, how the flood is on its way,
The flood of houses; scarcely will it stay,
Where Manzanares into Tagus falls.
It is a sight that back to memory calls
The glory of Egyptian Memphis; nay,
More great the wonder; to a later day
Shall stand these firm and rock-built palace-halls;
Imperial seat of monarchs throned on high,
Birthplace of princes, Beauty's beaming sphere,
And scene of proudest Fortune's pageantry;
Whose state shall Envy's venomed fangs outwear,
Howe'er she chafe in secret. Homeward hie
In peace, and bid thy land the tidings hear.

Luis de Góngora. Tr. E. Churton.

COURT-LIFE.

TO live bewitched with beasts of Circe's crew,
Where harpies leagued your purse's life-blood draw;
Place-hunting, fooled by hope, with famished maw,
Watching each wind, great statesmen's grace to sue;
Amidst grooms, coaches, pages, liveries new,
Bright uniforms, fine clothes, but maiden swords;
Or fed with embassies of ladies' words,
With house-rent dear, and friendships never true:
Midst tricks and shams of pleaders bought and sold;

Churchmen on mules, — and veriest mules are they;
Foul cheats, foul streets, where Dirt and Sloth hold revels;
Poor cripples from the wars, maimed, starved, and old;
High titles, lisping flatteries, Truth made prey:
This is Madrid, Spain's Court, — more like the Devil's.

Luis de Góngora. Tr. E. Churton.

MADRID.

MADRID is princess of all Spain,
O'er every land her beauties reign,
Famed for black as for blue eyes;
Madrid, white city of serenades,
Along whose twilight promenades
Small feet trip when through the skies
Sunset sinks and stars arise.

City of the tauridian game,
Where winking soft hands yield acclaim,
While the scarfs flutter, fans make play;
Where, of a lovely starry night,
The dusk señoras veiled in white,
With step superb, came forth to pray,
Down the blue stairs in Vesper's ray.

Madrid, Madrid, I love to jest
With thy gay stately dames who rest
Round the fount by the river's strand;
For one, the rarest of the rare,
With dusk-bright amorous brows is there,

Whose finger-tip I prize beyond
The fair or dark of any land.

One whom an old duenna tends
With eyes demure from sparks or friends;
Nor opes her casement but to me,
When azure silence domes the town,
The sheep bleat on the moorlands brown,
And past the mountain's purple knee
In cloud, the soft moon nears the sea.

* * *

Alfred de Musset. Tr. Anon.

MADRID.

THE capital of Spain, — O no!
For in thee there is nothing seen
Of what characterizes her, —
There is no likeness left, I ween.

One is in Paris, or Vienna,
But sure no longer in bright Spain;
Here the sharp northern blasts prevail, —
Here there is cold and snow and rain.

Our dark November days no more,
Our northern climate, will I blame;
For — to the rest of Spain unlike —
Dreary Madrid has just the same!

Hans Christian Andersen. Tr. Anon.

CALDERON'S TOMB.

THERE is a chapel old,
Broken with years and poor,
Forgotten and obscure,
Buried in dust and mould,
Where we read upon a stone,
More with hands than eyes,
"Here the body lies
Of Pedro Calderon."

Bird whose feathers glow
With hundred changing colors,
Blushing bright as flowers,
Or pale as fleecy snow, —
From the sun those eyes
Borrowed light and fire,
Spanish breaths inspire
Those swift wings to rise.

This wide earth was thy home,
Fortune to thee was mild,
Yet thy soul flashed out wild,
And now the earth 's thy tomb;
Thou, eagle-like, to soar,
King of the wind wast born, —
A phœnix of the morn,
Singing forevermore.

* * *

But bound by mortal chains,
Thy gushing throat is dry,

And in thy hollow eye
No beaming sight remains.
Sleep on beneath this stone,
Made sacred to thy glory
By one low cross, in memory
Of Pedro Calderon.

Not in so vile a place
Hadst thou, a prince, been laid,
Then had thy grave been made
Before the altar's face.
Yet sleep here tranquilly,
Here in this corner dark, —
Let it the world's shame mark,
Thy name 's enough for thee.

* * *

Ill-summoned shade, forgive
The voice which breaks thy slumbers,
These rude yet earnest numbers
Are all my heart can give
To thy great crown of wonders.

Thy own bold inspiration
Lives in eternal history, —
Rest, then, beneath the stone
Made sacred to thy glory
By one poor cross, — sad memory
Of Pedro Calderon.

José Zorrilla. Tr. S. Eliot.

Malaga.

MALAGA, — THE REST.

MALAGA, thou noiseless haven sweet,
Offering thy blessed, kind retreat
Gently to the weary, languid feet! —

How thou drawest thy blue curtain there,
Shutting from the wildered eye the glare,
And the cold and chilling northern air!

Golden is the lamp which thou dost trim:
Never for the sufferer is it dim;
Shedding mellow, pensive light on him.

Beautiful, caressing, airy room!
Castles on thy sky for pictures loom,
Cheering oft his spirit's sickly gloom;

Stretching out, as flowing tapestry,
Yonder rainbow-tinted, velvet sea,
Folding round his footsteps coolingly!

Hush! how still the air around his rest,
Smoothing down the ripples in his breast,
Where the swift disturber, Pain, hath prest!

They are waiting in thy beauteous hall,
When the flowers open, — when they fall;
Waiting for one lovely presence, all.

And perchance she comes with dimpled cheek,
Roses blushing soft when she doth speak,
Bounding rapturous to the sufferer meek.

Ah! she oftener steals anear with eye
Pitiful; then turns her silently,
Shakes her head, and says a kind good-by.

Martha Perry Lowe.

Manzanares, the River.

THE FLOOD OF THE MANZANARES.

HAVE mercy, Manzanares! out, alas!
Have mercy on that bridge! For, people say,
A bridge so wide might let the Gulf-stream pass
While half an arch might give thy current way.
How proudly swoln comes down thy watery mass,
Which late, as in the dog-days, lowly lay!
Now, in the name of him whose scheme it was
To scour the town with chickory, and convey
The drench to thee, — why this unusual height?
Why this amazing change to bliss from bale,
Why now in glory, then in penal pain?
Well, if you 'll keep the secret, yesternight
The laundry-nymphs up-stream each filled her pail,
To-day they 've thrown the soap-suds out again.

Luis de Góngora. Tr. E. Churton.

Marbella.

THE CORSAIR'S CAPTIVE.

BOUND in bonds of toil and sorrow,
Where the Turkish corsair lay,
Gazing on the ruddy morrow,
O'er Marbella's sparkling bay;

Wearily his pale eye straining
To the far-off sunbright shore,
Dragut's captive mourned complaining
To the sound of chain and oar:

"Sun of sacred Spain, whose waters
Now in peace unruffled flow,
Heedless of the wreck of slaughters
Heaped in weltering depths below;

"Since thy tide's resistless power
Bears thee to each shore and strand,
To each rockbuilt town and tower
Fencing round my native land:

"Hast thou seen where, doomed to languish,
Dwells the maid I love so well?
Are they true, those tears of anguish,
Which to me her letters tell?

"For if tears from heart so tender
Have enriched thy watery store,

Thy bright sands must pass in splendor
India's seas and pearly shore.

"Tell me, waves of sacred glory,
Grant the boon my sorrow craves;
For renowned in ancient story
Are the voices of the waves.

"Vainly do I ask: she lives not;
Else the depth would answer give:
Voice or token since it gives not,
She hath perished, yet I live:

"If 't is life, to toil despairing,
Bondman to a stranger's will,
Ten long years of thraldom, wearing
Chains that pain, yet fail to kill.

"Freedom now no hope can waken,
Love no more a joy supply;
Yet I breathe, of Death forsaken;
For the wretched cannot die."

Here he paused, in distance eying,
O'er the waters far away,
Six tall sails whose ensigns flying
Did the bannered Cross display;

As they came in beauty riding,
Terror seized the roving Moor,
And he spoke in anger chiding,
"Slave, more strongly ply thine oar."

Luis de Góngora. Tr. E. Churton.

Medina del Campo.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN BLANCHE.

"MARIA DE PADILLA, be not thus of dismal mood,
For if I twice have wedded me, it all was for thy good;

"But if upon Queen Blanche ye will that I some scorn should show,
For a banner to Medina my messenger shall go;

"The work shall be of Blanche's tears, of Blanche's blood the ground;
Such pennon shall they weave for thee, such sacrifice be found."

Then to the Lord of Ortis, that excellent baron,
He said, "Now hear me, Ynigo, forthwith for this begone."

Then answer made Don Ynigo, "Such gift I ne'er will bring,
For he that harmeth Lady Blanche doth harm my lord the King."

Then Pedro to his chamber went, his cheek was burning red,
And to a bowman of his guard the dark command he said.

The bowman to Medina passed; when the Queen beheld
him near,
"Alas!" she said, "my maidens, he brings my death,
I fear."

Then said the archer, bending low, "The King's com-
mandment take,
And see thy soul be ordered well with God that did it
make,

"For lo! thine hour is come, therefrom no refuge may
there be."
Then gently spake the Lady Blanche, "My friend, I
pardon thee;

"Do what thou wilt, so be the King hath his com-
mandment given,
Deny me not confession, — if so, forgive ye Heaven."

Much grieved the bowman for her tears, and for her
beauty's sake,
While thus Queen Blanche of Bourbon her last com-
plaint did make: —

"O France! my noble country, — O blood of high
Bourbon,
Not eighteen years have I seen out before my life is
gone.

"The King hath never known me. A virgin true I die.
Whate'er I 've done, to proud Castile no treason e'er
did I.

"The crown they put upon my head was a crown of
blood and sighs,
God grant me soon another crown more precious in the
skies."

These words she spake, then down she knelt, and took
the bowman's blow, —
Her tender neck was cut in twain, and out her blood
did flow.

Spanish Ballad. Tr. J. G. Lockhart.

Montiel.

THE DEATH OF DON PEDRO.

HENRY and King Pedro, clasping,
Hold in straining arms each other;
Tugging hard, and closely grasping,
Brother proves his strength with brother.

Harmless pastime, sport fraternal,
Blends not thus their limbs in strife;
Either aims, with rage infernal,
Naked dagger, sharpened knife.

Close Don Henry grapples Pedro,
Pedro holds Don Henry strait,
Breathing, this, triumphant fury,
That, despair and mortal hate.

Sole spectator of the struggle,
Stands Don Henry's page afar,
In the chase who bore his bugle,
And who bore his sword in war.

Down they go in deadly wrestle,
Down upon the earth they go,
Fierce King Pedro has the vantage,
Stout Don Henry falls below.

Marking then the fatal crisis,
Up the page of Henry ran,
By the waist he caught Don Pedro,
Aiding thus the fallen man.

"King to place, or to depose him,
Dwelleth not in my desire,
But the duty which he owes him,
To his master pays the squire."

Now Don Henry has the upmost,
Now King Pedro lies beneath,
In his heart his brother's poniard
Instant finds its bloody sheath.

Thus with mortal gasp and quiver,
While the blood in bubbles welled,
Fled the fiercest soul that ever
In a Christian bosom dwelled.

Spanish Ballad. Tr. Sir Walter Scott.

Mountains of Spain.

MOUNTAINS OF SPAIN.

LO, there the Asturian hills! Far in the west,
Huge Rabanal and Foncebadon huge,
Pre-eminent, their giant bulk display,
Darkening with earliest shade the distant vales
Of Leon, and with evening premature.
Far in Cantabria eastward, the long line
Extends beyond the reach of eagle's eye,
When buoyant in mid-heaven the bird of Jove
Soars at his loftiest pitch. In the north, before
The travellers the Erbasian mountains rise,
Bounding the land beloved, their native land.

Robert Southey.

Ocaña.

RODRIGO MANRIQUE.

AND when so oft, for weal or woe,
His life upon the fatal throw
Had been cast down;
When he had served, with patriot zeal,
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown;

And done such deeds of valor strong,
That neither history nor song
Can count them all;
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call,

Saying, "Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care
With joyful mien;
Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armor for the fray,
The closing scene.

"Since thou hast been, in battle-strife,
So prodigal of health and life,
For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again;
Loud on the last stern battle-plain
They call thy name."

* * *

"My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 't is God's sovereign will
That we shall die.

"O thou, that for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth;

Thou, that to thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,

"And in that form didst suffer here
Torment and agony and fear
So patiently, —
By thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
O, pardon me!"

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind,
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye
So soft and kind,

His soul to Him, who gave it, rose;
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And, though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.

* * *

Don Jorge Manrique. Tr. H. W. Longfellow.

Oropesa.

OROPESA.

THE mists of morn
(I well remember) hovered o'er the heath,
When with the earliest dawn of day we left
The solitary Venta. Soon the sun
Rose in his glory: scattered by the breeze
The thin mists rolled away, and now emerged
We saw where Oropesa's castled hill
Towered in the dim light dark; and now we past
Torralva's quiet huts, and on our way
Paused frequent, and looked back, and gazed around,
Then journeyed on, and paused, and gazed again.
It was a goodly scene. The stately pile
Of Oropesa now with all its towers
Shone in the sunbeam; half-way up the hill,
Embowered in olives, like the abode of Peace,
Lay Lagartina; and the cool fresh gale
Bending the young corn on the gradual slope
Played o'er its varying verdure. I beheld
A convent near, and my heart thought that they
Who did inhabit there were holy men,
For, as they looked around them, all they saw
Was very good.

Robert Southey.

Palos.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

ON Palos' shore, whose crowded strand
Bore priests and nobles of the land,
And rustic hinds and townsmen trim,
And harnessed soldiers stern and grim,
And lowly maids and dames of pride,
And infants by their mother's side, —
The boldest seaman stood that e'er
Did bark or ship through tempest steer;
And wise as bold, and good as wise;
The magnet of a thousand eyes,
That on his form and features cast;
His noble mien and simple guise,
In wonder seemed to look their last.
A form which conscious worth is gracing,
A face where hope, the lines effacing
Of thought and care, bestowed, in truth,
To the quick eyes' imperfect tracing
The look and air of youth.

* * *

The signal given, with hasty strides
The sailors climbed their ships' dark sides;
Their anchors weighed; and from the shore
Each stately vessel slowly bore.
High o'er the deeply shadowed flood,
Upon his deck their leader stood,
And turned him to the parted land,

And bowed his head and waved his hand.
And then, along the crowded strand,
A sound of many sounds combined,
That waxed and waned upon the wind,
Burst like heaven's thunder, deep and grand;
A lengthened peal, which paused, and then
Renewed, like that which loathly parts,
Oft on the ear returned again,
The impulse of a thousand hearts.
But as the lengthened shouts subside,
Distincter accents strike the ear,
Wafting across the current wide,
Heart-uttered words of parting cheer:
"O, shall we ever see again
Those gallant souls recross the main?
God keep the brave! God be their guide!
God bear them safe through storm and tide!
Their sails with favoring breezes swell!
O brave Columbus! fare thee well!"

Joanna Baillie.

Pisuerga, the River.

ROMANCE.

IN the vale of Pisuerga,
Midst the rocks I saw an angel,
'T was a lovely mountain maiden
'Neath the heaven of Manzanares.

Every river, every streamlet,
Flowed to be her silvery glasses,
Hurrying from their beds to meet her,—
Crystals in the gentle valley.
But her cheeks are pale and gloomy,
Chilled by melancholy sadness,
Careless she of all around her,
Sports, and songs, and joyous dances.
Solitude is her enjoyment,
And to her the day is darkness,
Good and evil, bliss and suffering,
Neither wounds and neither gladdens.
Fellow-maidens now invite her,
Flower-crowned to the vale she hastens,
Witnessing the laughing revels,
Swains and nymphs alike partakers.
Then there came an unknown shepherd,
Thither not in vain he wandered:
When he saw the nymph of beauty,
How his eyes with passion sparkled!
But the dance is still continued,
And the shepherd, as he watched her,
To the song of oaks and willows,
Thus her tale to heaven related:

"Virgin, thy cheeks as the snow are white,
They are ashes sure of love's fire so bright."

From the Spanish. Tr. Sir John Bowring.

Plasencia.

PLASENCIA.

But, when the eve came on,
How did the lovely landscape fill my heart!
The near ascent arose with little rocks
Varied, and trees: the vale was wooded well
With oaks now cheerful in their wintry leaves,
And ancient cork-trees through their wrinkled barks
Bursting, and the rich olive underneath
Whose blessed shade the green herb greener grows
And fuller is the harvest: many a stream
That from the neighboring hill descended clear
Wound vocal through the valley: the church tower,
Marking the haven near of that day's toil,
Rose o'er the wood. But still the charmed eye
Dwelt lingering o'er Plasencia's fertile plain,
And loved to mark the bordering mountain's snow
Pale-purpled as the evening dim decayed.
The murmurs of the goat-herd's scattered flock
Died on the quiet air, and sailing slow
The heavy stork sought on the church-tower top
His fancy-hallowed nest. O pleasant scenes!
With deep delight I saw you, yet my heart
Sunk in me as the frequent thought would rise
That here was none to love me. Often still
I think of you, and Memory's mystic power
Bids me re-live the past; and I have traced

The fleeting visions ere her mystic power
Wax weak, and on the feeble eye of age
The faint-formed scenes decay. Befits me now
Fix on futurity the steady ken,
And tread with steady step the onward road.

Robert Southey.

Rio Verde.

THE RIO VERDE.

THIS wild oleander-fringed mountain-torrent is translated by Bishop Percy as a "*gentle* river with *willowed* shore": assuredly the prelate never crossed it, as we have done, when swollen by a heavy rain; but as he said "*green* would not sound well," what would he have done with the *Red* Sea? This river is one of sad recollections in the ballads of Spain. On the hills above, Alonzo de Aguilar, with the flower of Andalucian chivalry, was waylaid and put to death by El Feri of Benastapar. — MURRAY'S *Handbook of Spain.*

GENTLE river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stained with gore,
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willowed shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
All beside thy sands so bright,
Moorish Chiefs and Christian Warriors
Joined in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords and dukes and noble princes
On thy fatal banks were slain:

Fatal banks that gave to slaughter
All the pride and flower of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonzo,
Full of wounds and glory, died:
There the fearless Urdiales
Fell a victim by his side.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
Through their squadrons slow retires;
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind a Renegado
Loudly shouts with taunting cry:
"Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra,
Dost thou from the battle fly?

"Well I know thee, haughty Christian,
Long I lived beneath thy roof;
Oft I 've in the lists of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

"Well I know thy aged parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know;
Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

"May our prophet grant my wishes!
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine:
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow
Which I drank when I was thine."

Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he sends an angry glare:
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing through the air.

Back the hero full of fury
Sent a deep and mortal wound:
Instant sunk the Renegado,
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay:
Wearied out, but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting great Alonzo
Stout resists the Paynim bands;
From his slaughtered steed dismounted
Firm entrenched behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,
Furious he repels their rage:
Loss of blood at length enfeebles:
Who can war with thousands wage!

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows,
Close beneath its foot retired,
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expired.

From the Spanish. Tr. Bishop Percy.

THE RIO VERDE SONG.

FLOW, Rio Verde!
In melody flow;
Win her that weepeth
To slumber from woe;
Bid thy waves' music
Roll through her dreams,—
Grief ever loveth
The kind voice of streams.

Bear her lone spirit
Afar on the sound
Back to her childhood,
Her life's fairy ground;
Pass like the whisper
Of love that is gone,—
Flow, Rio Verde!
Softly flow on!

Dark glassy water
So crimsoned of yore!
Love, death, and sorrow
Know thy green shore.
Thou shouldst have echoes
For grief's deepest tone,—
Flow, Rio Verde!
Softly flow on!

Felicia Hemans.

Roncesvalles.

THERE ARE SOUNDS IN THE DARK RONCESVALLES.

THERE are sounds in the dark Roncesvalles,
  There are echoes on Biscay's wild shore;
There are murmurs, but not of the torrent,
  Nor the wind, nor the pine-forest's roar.

'T is a day of the spear and the banner,
  Of armings and hurried farewells;
Rise, rise on your mountains, ye Spaniards!
  Or start from your old battle dells.

There are streams of unconquered Asturias
  That have rolled with your fathers' free blood;
O, leave on the graves of the mighty
  Proud marks where thy children have stood!

Felicia Hemans.

THE ADMIRAL GUARINOS.

THE day of Roncesvalles was a dismal day for you,
  Ye men of France, for there the lance of King Charles was broke in two.
Ye well may curse that rueful field, for many a noble peer,
In fray or fight, the dust did bite, beneath Bernardo's spear.

There captured was Guarinos, King Charles's admiral;
Seven Moorish kings surrounded him, and seized him for their thrall;
Seven times, when all the chace was o'er, for Guarinos lots they cast;
Seven times Marlotes won the throw, and the knight was his at last.

* * *

With iron bands they bound his hands. That sore unworthy plight
Might well express his helplessness, doomed nevermore to fight.
Again, from cincture down to knee, long bolts of iron he bore,
Which signified the knight should ride on charger nevermore.

Three times alone, in all the year, it is the captive's doom,
To see God's daylight bright and clear, instead of dungeon-gloom;
Three times alone they bring him out, like Samson long ago,
Before the Moorish rabble-rout to be a sport and show.

On three high feasts they bring him forth, a spectacle to be,
The feast of Pasque, and the great day of the Nativity,
And on that morn, more solemn yet, when the maidens strip the bowers,
And gladden mosque and minaret with the first fruits of the flowers.

Days come and go of gloom and show. Seven years
are come and gone,
And now doth fall the festival of the holy Baptist John;
Christian and Moslem tilts and jousts, to give it homage
due;
And rushes on the paths to spread they force the sulky
Jew.

Marlotes, in his joy and pride, a target high doth rear,
Below the Moorish knights must ride and pierce it
with the spear;
But 't is so high up in the sky, albeit much they strain,
No Moorish lance so far may fly, Marlotes' prize to gain.

Wroth waxed King Marlotes, when he beheld them fail,
The whisker trembled on his lip, and his cheek for ire
was pale;
And heralds proclamation made, with trumpets, through
the town, —
"Nor child shall suck, nor man shall eat, till the mark
be tumbled down."

The cry of proclamation, and the trumpet's haughty
sound,
Did send an echo to the vault where the Admiral was
bound.
"Now, help me God!" the captive cries, "what means
this din so loud?
O Queen of Heaven! be vengeance given on these
thy haters proud!

"O, is it that some Pagan gay doth Marlotes' daughter wed,
And that they bear my scorned fair in triumph to his bed?
Or, is it that the day is come, — one of the hateful three,
When they, with trumpet, fife, and drum, make heathen game of me?"

These words the jailer chanced to hear, and thus to him he said,
"These tabours, Lord, and trumpets clear, conduct no bride to bed;
Nor has the feast come round again, when he that has the right
Commands thee forth, thou foe of Spain, to glad the people's sight.

"This is the joyful morning of John the Baptist's day,
When Moor and Christian feast at home each in his nation's way;
But now our king commands that none his banquet shall begin,
Until some knight, by strength or sleight, the spearman's prize do win."

Then out and spake Guarinos, "O, soon each man should feed,
Were I but mounted once again on my own gallant steed.
O, were I mounted as of old, and harnessed cap-a-pee,
Full soon Marlotes' prize I'd hold, whate'er its price may be.

"Give me my horse, mine old gray horse, so be he is not dead,
All gallantly caparisoned, with plate on breast and head,
And give me the lance I brought from France, and if I win it not,
My life shall be the forfeiture, — I 'll yield it on the spot."

* * *

They have girded on his shirt of mail, his cuisses well they 've clasped,
And they 've barred the helm on his visage pale, and his hand the lance hath grasped,
And they have caught the old gray horse, the horse he loved of yore,
And he stands pawing at the gate, — caparisoned once more.

When the knight came out the Moors did shout, and loudly laughed the king,
For the horse he pranced and capered, and furiously did fling;
But Guarinos whispered in his ear, and looked into his face,
Then stood the old charger like a lamb, with a calm and gentle grace.

O, lightly did Guarinos vault into the saddle-tree,
And slowly riding down made halt before Marlotes' knee;
Again the heathen laughed aloud, — "All hail, sir knight," quoth he,
"Now do thy best, thou champion proud. Thy blood I look to see."

With that Guarinos, lance in rest, against the scoffer rode,
Pierced at one thrust his envious breast, and down his turban trode.
Now ride, now ride, Guarinos, — nor lance nor rowel spare, —
Slay, slay, and gallop for thy life. — The land of France lies there!

Spanish Ballad. Tr. J. G. Lockhart.

Saint Just (San Yuste), the Convent.

SAN YUSTE.

SO Charles the emperor, whose mighty reign
The globe itself scarce held within its bound,
At Yuste, a fair abbey of our Spain,
A lowly home and quiet haven found:
Here, half his heart in heaven, did he remain,
Tranquil as Jove with sovran glories crowned;
In all things save the hood a holy friar,
In Christian graces peerless in the choir.

Kings erst have left their sceptred state and sway,
Pale terror prompting, not calm strength of soul;
Flashed, in their dreams, the falchion's dreadful ray,
Lurked, in their fears, the drug within the bowl;
(So beavers, hunted, cast their spoils away,)
Yet fame's loud tongues the noble deed extol:

But greater Charles, with glory all his own,
Resigned a peaceful, sure, and splendid throne.

* * *

His end at last foreknowing, like the swan,
The emperor to his side bids quickly bring
The opening Austrian flower, his young Don John;
Reveals his birth; and to the absent king
Commends in loving wise this other son;
Then, soothed with holy rites, his soul takes wing,
With fitful flickering like a lamp that dies,
To God's high seat and bliss beyond the skies.

Luis Çapata. Tr. Sir W. S. Maxwell.

CHARLES THE FIFTH BEFORE THE CONVENT OF ST. JUST, 1556.

'TIS night, and storms continually roar,
Ye monks of Spain, now open me the door.

Here in unbroken quiet let me fare,
Save when the loud bell startles you to prayer.

Make ready for me what your house has meet,
A friar's habit and a winding-sheet.

A little cell unto my use assign;
More than the half of all this world was mine.

The head that stoops unto the scissors now,
Under the weight of many crowns did bow.

The shoulders on which now the cowl is flung, —
On them the ermine of the Cæsars hung.

I living now as dead myself behold,
And fall in ruins like this kingdom old.

August Graf von Platen. Tr. R. C. Trench.

THE BURIAL OF CHARLES THE FIFTH.

IN Saint Just the silent bowers
Hear a drowsy funeral lay:
Bells are humming from the towers
For the monk who died to-day.

Look upon the dead man's forehead! Round it
Runs a line of faded bloody red.
Once a crown of thorns, in penance, bound it?
No, a golden crown once pressed that head!

Comes a monk to that dead face, now,
Draws the cap down o'er the eye; —
Of the crown that evil trace, now,
Veiled from mortal sight shall lie.

See that arm! a sceptre once it wielded;
Half a world could feel its faintest stir;
Firmer, higher still, towards heaven he held it,
Like a rock that holds a towering fir!

That dead arm, — there comes to raise it,
Now, a brother of St. Just,
Puts a cross therein, and lays it
On the bosom's lifeless dust.

Like the rainbow stairway, heavenward soaring,
Shone the day that hailed his new-born eye;
Kings his cradle rocked, the child adoring,
Queenly voices sang his lullaby.

Now a choir of monks, with droning,
Dismal voice, the dirge prolong,
As they ever do, intoning
Burial hymn or Easter-song.

Lo! the sun goes down, — that sun that never
To this dead man's empire said farewell;
For what these call evening-red, is ever
Morning-red to those that westward dwell.

Softly, now, the bells are ringing:
Lovely valleys, fare ye well!
Hoarsely, now, the monks are singing:
World of vanity, farewell!

Through church windows yet once more is flaming
On the bier the sun's great eye of red,
Here to see, what there he 'll go proclaiming,
How the ruler of two worlds lies dead!

Swain and herdsmaid, as the pealing
Bell and dirge sound far and wide,
Bare their heads, and pray with feeling
For the pious monk that died.

Graf von Auersperg. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

Salamanca.

COLUMBUS BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF SALAMANCA.

ST. STEPHEN'S cloistered hall was proud
In learning's pomp that day,
For there a robed and stately crowd
Pressed on in long array.
A mariner with simple chart
Confronts that conclave high,
While strong ambition stirs his heart,
And burning thoughts of wonder part
From lip and sparkling eye.

What hath he said? With frowning face,
In whispered tones they speak,
And lines upon their tablets trace,
Which flush each ashen cheek;
The Inquisition's mystic doom
Sits on their brows severe,
And bursting forth in visioned gloom,
Sad heresy from burning tomb
Groans on the startled ear.

Courage, thou Genoese! Old Time
Thy splendid dream shall crown,
Yon western hemisphere sublime,
Where unshorn forests frown,

The awful Andes' cloud-rapt brow,
The Indian hunter's bow,
Bold streams untamed by helm or prow,
And rocks of gold and diamonds there
To thankless Spain shalt show.

Courage, World-finder! Thou hast need!
In Fate's unfolding scroll,
Dark woes and ingrate wrongs I read,
That rack the noble soul.
On! On! Creation's secrets probe,
Then drink thy cup of scorn,
And wrapped in fallen Cæsar's robe,
Sleep like that master of the globe,
All glorious, yet forlorn.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

Salgueiro, the Mountain.

SALGUEIRO.

FATIGUED and faint, with many a step and slow,
This lofty mountain's pathless side I climb,
Whose head, high towering o'er the waste sublime,
Bounded my distant vision; far below
Yon docile beasts plod patient on their way,
Circling the long ascent. I pause, and now
On this smooth rock my languid limbs I lay,
And taste the grateful breeze, and from my brow

Wipe the big dews of toil. O, what a sweep
Of landscape lies beneath me! hills on hills,
And rock-piled plains, and valleys bosomed deep,
And ocean's dim immensity, that fills
The ample gaze. Yonder is that huge height
Where stands the holy convent; and below
Lies the fair glen, whose broken waters flow
Making such pleasant murmurs as delight
The lingering traveller's ear. Thus on my road
Most sweet it is to rest me, and survey
The goodly prospect of the journeyed way,
And think of all the pleasures it bestowed.

Robert Southey.

San Miguel, the Convent.

SAN MIGUEL DE LA TUMBA.

SAN MIGUEL DE LA TUMBA is a convent vast and wide;
The sea encircles it around, and groans on every side:
It is a wild and dangerous place, and many woes betide
The monks who in that burial-place in penitence abide.

Within those dark monastic walls, amid the ocean flood,
Of pious, fasting monks there dwelt a holy brotherhood;
To the Madonna's glory there an altar high was placed,
And a rich and costly image the sacred altar graced.

Exalted high upon a throne, the Virgin Mother smiled,
And, as the custom is, she held within her arms the Child;
The kings and wise men of the East were kneeling by her side;
Attended was she like a queen whom God had sanctified.

* * *

Descending low before her face a screen of feathers hung, —
A *moscader*, or fan for flies, 't is called in vulgar tongue;
From the feathers of the peacock's wing 't was fashioned bright and fair,
And glistened like the heaven above when all its stars are there.

It chanced that, for the people's sins, fell the lightning's blasting stroke:
Forth from all four the sacred walls the flames consuming broke;
The sacred robes were all consumed, missal and holy book;
And hardly with their lives the monks their crumbling walls forsook.

* * *

But though the desolating flame raged fearfully and wild,
It did not reach the Virgin Queen, it did not reach the Child;
It did not reach the feathery screen before her face that shone,
Nor injure in a farthing's worth the image or the throne.

The image it did not consume, it did not burn the screen;
Even in the value of a hair they were not hurt, I ween;
Not even the smoke did reach them, nor injure more the shrine
Than the bishop hight Don Tello has been hurt by hand of mine.

* * *

Gonzalo de Berceo. Tr. H. W. Longfellow.

Santa Maria Rábida, the Convent.

RÁBIDA.

IN Rábida's monastic fane
I cannot ask, and ask in vain.
The language of Castile I speak;
Mid many an Arab, many a Greek,
Old in the days of Charlemagne,
When minstrel-music wandered round,
And Science, waking, blessed the sound.

No earthly thought has here a place,
The cowl let down on every face;

Yet here, in consecrated dust,
Here would I sleep, if sleep I must.
From Genoa when Columbus came
(At once her glory and her shame),
'T was here he caught the holy flame,
'T was here the generous vow he made;
His banners on the altar laid.

Here, tempest-worn and desolate,
A pilot journeying through the wild,
Stopped to solicit at the gate
A pittance for his child;
'T was here, unknowing and unknown,
He stood upon the threshold-stone.
But hope was his, a faith sublime,
That triumphs over place and time:
And here, his mighty labor done,
And his course of glory run,
Awhile as more than man he stood,
So large the debt of gratitude!

From a Castilian MS. Tr. Samuel Rogers.

Saragossa (Zaragoza; Sansueña).

MELISENDRA.

AT Sansueña, in the tower, fair Melisendra lies,
Her heart is far away in France, and tears are in her eyes;
The twilight shade is thickening laid on Sansueña's plain,
Yet wistfully the lady her weary eyes doth strain.

She gazes from the dungeon strong, forth on the road
to Paris,
Weeping, and wondering why so long her Lord Gay-
feros tarries,
When lo! a knight appears in view, — a knight of
Christian mien,
Upon a milk-white charger he rides the elms between.

She from her window reaches forth her hand a sign to
make:
"O, if you be a knight of worth, draw near for mercy's
sake;
For mercy and sweet charity, draw near, Sir Knight,
to me,
And tell me if ye ride to France, or whither bowne
ye be.

"O, if ye be a Christian knight, and if to France you go,
I pr'ythee tell Guyferos that you have seen my woe;
That you have seen me weeping, here in the Moorish
tower,
While he is gay by night and day, in hall and lady's
bower.

"Seven summers have I waited, seven winters long are
spent,
Yet word of comfort none he speaks, nor token hath
he sent;
And if he is weary of my love, and would have me
wed a stranger,
Still say his love is true to him, — nor time nor wrong
can change her."

The knight, on stirrup rising, bids her wipe her tears
away, —
"My love, no time for weeping, no peril save delay.
Come, boldly spring, and lightly leap; no listening Moor
is near us,
And by dawn of day we 'll be far away," — so spake
the knight Guyferos.

She hath made the sign of the cross divine, and an
Ave she hath said,
And she dares the leap, both wide and deep, — that
damsel without dread;
And he hath kissed her pale pale cheek, and lifted her
behind,
Saint Denis speed the milk-white steed, — no Moor
their path shall find.

Spanish Ballad. Tr. J. G. Lockhart.

SARAGOSSA.

IS it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unsexed, the anlace hath espoused,
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
Appalled, an owlet's larum chilled with dread,
Now views the column-scattering bayonet jar,
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to
tread.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
O, had you known her in her softer hour,
Marked her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
Heard her light, lively tones in lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase.

Her lover sinks, she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief is slain, she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows flee, she checks their base career;
The foe retires, she heads the sallying host:
Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
What maid retrieve when man's flushed hope is lost?
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
Foiled by a woman's hand, before a battered wall?

Lord Byron.

ZARAGOZA.

HAIL, Zaragoza! If with unwet eye
We can approach, thy sorrow to behold,
Yet is the heart not pitiless nor cold;
Such spectacle demands not tear or sigh.
Those desolate remains are trophies high
Of more than martial courage in the breast
Of peaceful civic virtue: they attest
Thy matchless worth to all posterity.

Blood flowed before thy sight without remorse;
Disease consumed thy vitals; war upheaved
The ground beneath thee with volcanic force:
Dread trials! yet encountered and sustained
Till not a wreck of help or hope remained,
And law was from necessity received.

William Wordsworth.

ZARAGOZA.

THEN Zaragoza, — blighted be the tongue
That names thy name without the honor due!
For never hath the harp of minstrel rung,
Of faith so felly proved, so firmly true!
Mine, sap, and bomb thy shattered ruins knew,
Each art of war's extremity had room,
Twice from thy half-sacked streets the foe withdrew,
And when at length stern Fate decreed thy doom,
They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb.

Yet raise thy head, sad city! Though in chains,
Enthralled thou canst not be! Arise and claim
Reverence from every heart where freedom reigns,
For what thou worshippest! — thy sainted dame,
She of the column, honored be her name,
By all, whate'er their creed, who honor love!
And like the sacred relics of the flame,
That gave some martyr to the blessed above,
To every loyal heart may thy sad embers prove!

Sir Walter Scott.

THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

"THE two sieges of Saragossa were the most distinguished displays of Spanish intrepidity during the war. The assault on the last day, the 28th, was renewed with still greater fury. It was preceded by a terrible blow. Whether by treachery or accident, the powder-magazine in the centre of the city exploded, tearing away fourteen houses, and burying above two hundred of the people. While the citizens, startled by this sweeping disaster, were crowding to dig their dead and dying friends out of the ruins, the French batteries opened a tremendous discharge, and the columns of assault advanced under it to the gates; in that moment Agostina, a woman of the humbler classes, sprang into the battery, calling on her countrymen to follow, seized the burning match, and fired off the cannon; then, jumping on it, loudly made a vow to 'Our Lady of the Pillar,' never to quit it till either she was dead, or the enemy were driven away."

THERE were murmurs through the night,
As of multitudes in prayer;
There were tears of wild affright,
And the wailing of despair:
For Invasion's gory hand
Scattered havoc o'er the land.

The startled morn arose
To the trumpet's fierce acclaim,
To the ringing steel of foes,
And the battle-bolts of flame;
Whilst the Gallic wolves of war
Round were howling, and afar.

The matron armed her son,
And pointed to the walls:
"See, the carnage hath begun,
'T is thy bleeding country calls!

Better, son, the patriot's tomb
Than a slave's ignoble doom."

The gray-haired father took
His time-worn brand and shield;
The pale monk closed his book,
The peasant left his field;
And daughters, e'en a scar had grieved,
Now deeds of dauntless heart achieved.

Right onward dashed the foe,
O'er the red and reeking ground,
Till the giant gates below
Burst with an earthquake sound;
And the rocking walls yawned deep,
'Neath the cannon's shattering sweep.

Yet ne'er with tyrant warred
A firmer, bolder band:
Again the gates were barred,
Again the walls were manned;
Again, as with prophetic sight,
The hallowed cross advanced the fight.

But heavier woes befell
The still unvanquished brave,
Mid sounds that seemed the knell
Of freedom's hopeless grave:
A hurricane, a blazing shower,
Swept shivered rampart, rock, and tower!

In that appalling hour
When Fate with Gaul combined

To quell the freeman's power,
To crush the valiant mind, –
When e'en the last defence had died,
Who braved the storm? who stemmed the tide?

No steel-girt knight of fame,
No chief of high emprise;
A maiden's soul enshrined the flame
Which lit Hope's darkening skies;
A maiden's valor dealt the blow,
And stepped 'tween conquest and the foe;

Stood on that fatal brink,
Defying pain and death!
And could Napoleon's legions shrink
Before a woman's breath?
Could Gaul's proud eagle, from its height,
Stoop to a mean, disastrous flight?

Yes: that fair arm withstood
The chivalry of France,
And poured destruction, like a flood,
On quailing helm and lance:
Leonidas in maiden's stole,
A woman's breast with Curtius' soul.

Heroic heart and true!
Thy deeds shall find a voice
To bid usurping tyrants rue,
And Freedom's sons rejoice:
The loved of Time, the prized of Fame,
Spain's noblest boast, and Gallia's shame!

Charles Swain.

Segovia.

MY SOUL IS IN MADRID.

HOW can I live, fair-planet!
From all thy lustre hid?
My body 's in Segovia,
My soul is in Madrid.

I 'm left alone in darkness,
At every gust's control,
In sorrow and in nakedness,
Without or sense or soul.
Yet o'er my spirit's desert
There towers a pyramid
With hopes of glory lighted:
Despair must be forbid;
My body 's in Segovia,
My soul is in Madrid.

Alonso de Ledesma. Tr. John Bowring.

Seville.

SEVILLE.

FULL swiftly Harold wends his lonely way
Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued:
Yet is she free, — the spoiler's wished-for prey!

Soon, soon shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude,
Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude.
Inevitable hour! 'Gainst fate to strive
Where Desolation plants her famished brood
Is vain, or Ilion, Tyre, might yet survive,
And virtue vanquish all, and murder cease to thrive.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,
The feast, the song, the revel here abounds;
Strange modes of merriment the hours consume,
Nor bleed these patriots with their country's wounds:
Nor here War's clarion, but Love's rebeck sounds;
Here Folly still his votaries inthralls;
And young-eyed Lewdness walks her midnight rounds:
Girt with the silent crimes of capitals,
Still to the last kind Vice clings to the tottering walls.

Not so the rustic, — with his trembling mate
He lurks, nor casts his heavy eye afar,
Lest he should view his vineyard desolate,
Blasted below the dun hot breath of war.
No more beneath soft eve's consenting star
Fandango twirls his jocund castanet:
Ah, monarchs! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,
Not in the toils of glory would ye fret;
The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and man be happy yet!

Lord Byron.

IN SEVILLE.

IN Seville was he born, a pleasant city,
Famous for oranges and women, — he
Who has not seen it will be much to pity,
So says the proverb, and I quite agree;
Of all the Spanish towns is none more pretty,
Cadiz perhaps, but that you soon may see.

Lord Byron.

SEVILLE.

FROM noble Seville, loyal town, as clerks the sum have told,
Have gone some thirty thousand souls, men, women, young and old;
The age-worn sire and little child, the rich ones and the poor:
A mighty solitude it makes, this clearance of the Moor.
From Aljarafe's olive-yards five thousand twenty-three;
The gazer's heart it pierced with pain the piteous sight to see.
For why, they looked like Christian folk, and spoke with bitter moan,
"Alas! dear land! what cruel fate debars us from our own?
Alas! but wherefore ask? our sins have brought this penal day."
So passed they on with lingering looks of anguish and dismay.

Then came the Moorish women sad: their lily hands they wrung;
They raised their tear-swoln eyes to heaven; and wailing filled each tongue:
"Alas! dear Seville! fatherland! alas! dear steeples all,
Marina's, Mark's, and Andrew's kirk, Saint Julian, and Saint Paul."
For there they went to shrift and mass in happier days, I ween,
If not to pray as Christians pray, to see and to be seen.
And some Morisco men there were, who mournfully surveyed
With genuine grief the streets and marts, where late they drove their trade,
And muttered many a well-known name, the Butcher-Row, the Strand,
The Oil-Mart, where their oily cakes must now be contraband;
The Vintry, where hard Fate had dashed the beverage from their lips,
The Sun-Gate, where the sun to them henceforth is in eclipse.
But others called for help at need with voices loud and high,
And prayed Our Lady of her grace to hear their parting cry.
Young infants borne in arms partook their mothers' woes and fears,
At their sad breasts all scantly fed, instead of milk, with tears.

And of devotion's inward grace some shewed the tokens fair,
White comely cloaks, which Christian wives at kirk are wont to wear.
Their strings of beads full oft they told; their rosaries counted o'er;
And high above their mourning bands a crucifix they bore:
On this they gazed, as on they moved; and some rich offerings gave
To churches which they named before they crossed the ocean-wave.
A merchant of St. Julian's ward four thousand ducats paid
To our dear Lady of the Palm, and humble vows he made:
And others left their gifts and alms, that masses might ascend,
And memory might be kept in prayer of some departed, friend.

* * *

Luis de Góngora. Tr. E. Churton.

SEVILLA.

IN after-days I oft shall praise
The towers and flowers of fair Sevilla;
Her sun and shade and busy ways
Graced by the Doñas in mantilla;
Her grand Cathedral's solemn gloom;
Her zephyrs sweet with orange-bloom;

Her patios cool with pure azúl,
And all her Moorish maravilla;
But chief in memory will rule
(As far above as great Orion!)
A sprite or bird
Which there I heard;
An English tongue,
That spake or sung
In simple sooth
Or careless truth, —
The clear, frank laugh of Dame Carlyon!

Joseph Ellis.

TO SEVILLE.

TO sweet Seville, to sweet Seville,
Where the stately mansions raise
Marble fronts in street and square,
Where the rich from windows gaze,
Donnas gayly decked and fair,
There my heart longs not to go!

To sweet Seville, to sweet Seville,
Where the scattered houses end,
Friendly neighbors smile and greet,
Maidens from their windows bend,
Watering their flowers sweet,
Thither longs my heart to go!

In sweet Seville, in sweet Seville,
Know I too a room so neat,

Chamber silent, kitchen bright,
In that house resides my sweet,
On the door a knocker bright,
When I knock the maiden opes.

To sweet Seville, to sweet Seville,
To my best beloved I hie,
At her feet to sink in bliss,
To converse with speaking eye,
To caress her with a kiss,
There my heart so longs to go.

Clemens Brentano. Tr. A. Baskerville.

GARCIA PEREZ DE VARGAS.

KING FERDINAND alone did stand one day upon the hill,
Surveying all his leaguer, and the ramparts of Seville;
The sight was grand, when Ferdinand by proud Seville was lying,
O'er tower and tree far off to see the Christian banners flying.

Down chanced the king his eye to fling, where far the camp below
Two gentlemen along the glen were riding soft and slow;
As void of fear each cavalier seemed to be riding there,
As some strong hound may pace around the roebuck's thicket lair.

It was Don Garcia Perez, and he would breathe the air,
And he had ta'en a knight with him, that as lief had been elsewhere;

For soon this knight to Garcia said, "Ride, ride we, or
we're lost!
I see the glance of helm and lance, — it is the Moorish
host."

* * *

The Moors from forth the greenwood came riding one
by one,
A gallant troop with armor resplendent in the sun;
Full haughty was their bearing, as o'er the sward they
came,
While the calm Lord of Vargas his march was still the
same.

They stood drawn up in order, while past them all
rode he,
For when upon his shield they saw the Red Cross and
the Tree,
And the wings of the Black Eagle, that o'er his crest
were spread,
They knew it was Garci Perez, and never a word they
said.

* * *

Spanish Ballad. Tr. J. G. Lockhart.

IN FAR LANDS.

I SEE, I see the domes ascend,
O Seville, o'er thy Guadalquivir:
I see thy breeze-touched cypress bend;
I hear thy moonlit palm-grove shiver.

I know that honor here to those
Who suffered for the Faith is given;
I know, I know that earthly woes
Are secret blessings crowned in heaven.

But ah! against Dunluce's crags
To watch our green sea-billows swelling!
And ah! once more to hear the stags
In Coona's stormy oakwoods belling!

Aubrey de Vere.

Sierra Morena.

SIERRA MORENA.

AT every turn Morena's dusky height
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load;
And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,
The mountain-howitzer, the broken road,
The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflowed,
The stationed bands, the never-vacant watch,
The magazine in rocky durance stowed,
The holstered steed beneath the shed of thatch,
The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing match,

Portend the deeds to come: but he whose nod
Has tumbled feebler despots from their sway,
A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod;
A little moment deigneth to delay:

Soon will his legions sweep through these their way;
The West must own the scourger of the world.
Ah, Spain! how sad will be thy reckoning-day,
When soars Gaul's Vulture, with his wings unfurled,
And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades hurled!

Lord Byron.

Sierra Nevada.

THE DEATH OF DON ALONZO OF AGUILAR.

THE following ballad places the scene of Don Alonzo's death in the Sierra Nevada. History places it in the Sierra Bermeja, "or chain of red mountains, lying near the sea, the savage rocks and precipices of which may be seen from Gibraltar." Don Alonzo marched with his forces from Cordova, not from Granada. He was slain in single combat with the Moor El Feri of Ben Estepar. See the appendix to Irving's Conquest of Granada.

FERNANDO, King of Arragon, before Grenada lies,
With dukes and barons many a one, and champions of emprise;
With all the captains of Castille that serve his lady's crown,
He drives Boabdil from his gates, and plucks the crescent down.

The cross is reared upon the towers, for our Redeemer's sake;
The King assembles all his powers, his triumph to partake,

Yet at the royal banquet there 's trouble in his eye, —
"Now speak thy wish, it shall be done, great King,"
the lordlings cry.

Then spake Fernando, "Hear, grandees! which of ye
all will go,
And give my banner in the breeze of Alpuxar to blow?
Those heights along, the Moors are strong; now who,
by dawn of day,
Will plant the cross their cliffs among, and drive the
dogs away?"

Then champion on champion high, and count on count
doth look;
And faltering is the tongue of lord, and pale the cheek
of duke;
Till starts up brave Alonzo, the knight of Aguilar,
The lowmost at the royal board, but foremost still in
war.

And thus he speaks: "I pray, my lord, that none but
I may go;
For I made promise to the Queen, your consort, long
ago,
That ere the war should have an end, I, for her royal
charms,
And for my duty to her grace, would show some feat
of arms."

Much joyed the King these words to hear, — he bids
Alonzo speed, —
And long before their revel 's o'er the knight is on his
steed;

Alonzo 's on his milk-white steed, with horsemen in his train, —
A thousand horse, a chosen band, ere dawn the hills to gain.

They ride along the darkling ways, they gallop all the night;
They reach Nevada ere the cock hath harbingered the light;
But ere they 've climbed that steep ravine the east is glowing red,
And the Moors their lances bright have seen, and Christian banners spread.

Beyond the sands, between the rocks, where the old cork-trees grow,
The path is rough, and mounted men must singly march and slow;
There, o'er the path, the heathen range their ambuscado's line,
High up they wait for Aguilar, as the day begins to shine.

There naught avails the eagle-eye, the guardian of Castille,
The eye of wisdom, nor the heart that fear might never feel,
The arm of strength that wielded well the strong mace in the fray,
Nor the broad plate, from whence the edge of falchion glanced away.

Not knightly valor there avails, nor skill of horse and spear,
For rock on rock comes rumbling down from cliff and cavern drear;
Down, down like driving hail they come, and horse and horsemen die,
Like cattle whose despair is dumb when the fierce lightnings fly.

Alonzo, with a handful more, escapes into the field,
There like a lion stands at bay, in vain besought to yield;
A thousand foes around are seen, but none draws near to fight;
Afar with bolt and javelin they pierce the steadfast knight.

A hundred and a hundred darts are hissing round his head;
Had Aguilar a thousand hearts, their blood had all been shed;
Faint and more faint he staggers upon the slippery sod,
At last his back is to the earth, he gives his soul to God.

With that the Moors plucked up their hearts to gaze upon his face,
And caitiffs mangled where he lay the scourge of Afric's race:
To woody Oxijera then the gallant corpse they drew,
And there upon the village-green they laid him out to view.

Upon the village-green he lay as the moon was shining clear,
And all the village damsels to look on him drew near;
They stood around him all a-gaze, beside the big oak-tree,
And much his beauty they did praise, though mangled sore was he.

Now, so it fell, a Christian dame that knew Alonzo well
Not far from Oxijera did as a captive dwell,
And, hearing all the marvels, across the woods came she,
To look upon this Christian corpse, and wash it decently.

She looked upon him, and she knew the face of Aguilar,
Although his beauty was disgraced with many a ghastly scar;
She knew him, and she cursed the dogs that pierced him from afar,
And mangled him when he was slain, — the Moors of Alpuxar.

The Moorish maidens, while she spake, around her silence kept,
But her master dragged the dame away, — then loud and long they wept;
They washed the blood, with many a tear, from dint of dart and arrow,
And buried him near the waters clear of the brook of Alpuxarra.

Spanish Ballad. Tr. J. G. Lockhart.

IN THE SIERRA.

WILD is my passion for these summits proud!
Their shivering feet plants never dare to set
Where lofty heads hide 'neath a silver shroud;
On these sharp peaks how blunt the plough would get!

No wanton vine, no golden grain is here;
Naught hints of man or of his curse of care;
An eagle-host sails their free atmosphere,
And echo hisses back the bandits' air.

Their dower, beauty, only pleasure yields,
They are not useful, send no gifts abroad,
But I prefer them to the fertile fields,
So far from heaven we never can see God!

Théophile Gautier. Tr. C. F. Bates.

THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR.

THE cavalier who hastes the height to gain
Pale and with trembling knees,
Is Boabdil, king of the Moors of Spain,
Who could have died, yet flees.
To Spaniards now Granada is restored,
Crescent doth yield to cross,
By Boabdil, with tears not blood deplored,
Is his dear city's loss.
Upon a rock, Sigh of the Moor, they call,

Boabdil sat, and cast
On far Granada and Alhambra's wall
A long look and the last.

"There I was caliph yesterday,
Lived like a very god below;
The Generalife wooed my stay,
And then the Alhambra's blazing glow.
Clear, floating baths were mine, and there
Sultanas, my three hundred fair,
Bathed, all secure from impious stare.
My name on all the world cast fear.
Alas! my power is now brought low,
My valiant army flies the foe,
With none to follow me I go
Save my own shadow, ever near.
Dissolve, dissolve in tears, my eyes!
Up from my armor heave the steel,
Ye deep heart-sighs that now arise!
He conquers to whom Christians kneel!
I go; adieu, fair sky of Spain,
Darro, Jénil, the verdant plain,
The snowy peaks with rosy stain;
Farewell, Granada! loves, adieu!
Sunny Alhambra, vermeil towers,
Fresh gardens filled with wondrous flowers,
In vigils and in dreaming hours,
Absent, I still shall look on you!"

Théophile Gautier. Tr. C. F. Bates.

Simancas.

FROM THE VIDA DE SAN MILLAN.

AND when the kings were in the field, their squadrons in array,
With lance in rest they onward pressed to mingle in the fray;
But soon upon the Christians fell a terror of their foes, —
These were a numerous army, a little handful those.

And whilst the Christian people stood in this uncertainty,
Upward toward heaven they turned their eyes and fixed their thoughts on high;
And there two persons they beheld, all beautiful and bright, —
Even than the pure new-fallen snow their garments were more white.

They rode upon two horses more white than crystal sheen,
And arms they bore such as before no mortal man had seen:
The one, he held a crosier, a pontiff's mitre wore;
The other held a crucifix, — such man ne'er saw before.

Their faces were angelical, celestial forms had they, —
And downward through the fields of air they urged their rapid way;

They looked upon the Moorish host with fierce and angry look,
And in their hands, with dire portent, their naked sabres shook.

The Christian host, beholding this, straightway take heart again;
They fall upon their bended knees, all resting on the plain,
And each one with his clenched fist to smite his breast begins,
And promises to God on high he will forsake his sins.

And when the heavenly knights drew near unto the battle-ground,
They dashed among the Moors and dealt unerring blows around:
Such deadly havoc there they made the foremost ranks along,
A panic terror spread unto the hindmost of the throng.

Together with these two good knights, the champions of the sky,
The Christians rallied and began to smite full sore and high:
The Moors raised up their voices, and by the Koran swore
That in their lives such deadly fray they ne'er had seen before.

Down went the misbelievers; fast sped the bloody fight;
Some ghastly and dismembered lay, and some half dead with fright:

Full sorely they repented that to the field they came,
For they saw that from the battle they should retreat with shame.

Another thing befell them, — they dreamed not of such woes, —
The very arrows that the Moors shot from their twanging bows
Turned back against them in their flight and wounded them full sore,
And every blow they dealt the foe was paid in drops of gore.

* * *

Now he that bore the crosier, and the papal crown had on,
Was the glorified Apostle, the brother of Saint John;
And he that held the crucifix, and wore the monkish hood,
Was the holy San Millan of Cogolla's neighborhood.

Gonzalo de Berceo. Tr. H. W. Longfellow.

END OF VOL. I.

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